

December
1925

Christmas Hite

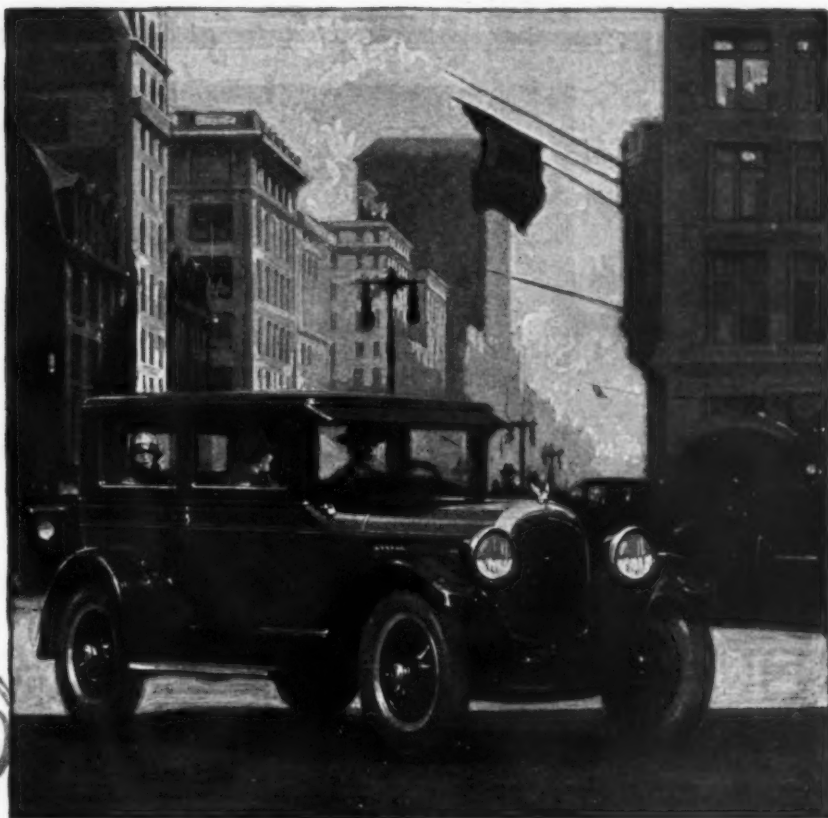
Price
25 cents



My Lady's Stocking



White Rock is the leading mineral water - also *White Rock* PALE DRY ginger ale



In Chrysler Alone, the Qualities That Satisfy Every Motor Car Ideal

Distinctive design, original beauty, smartness, and performance without parallel, single out the Chrysler Six from among the finest. That is why men and women who have owned the highest priced cars now prefer the Chrysler Six.

Unusual economy, outstanding durability, exceptional freedom from mechanical drudgery, are placing the Chrysler Six in the hands of thousands who formerly drove lesser cars.

Thus, among all classes, the qualities which are peculiar to Chrysler alone have won for this car an esteem seldom if ever before conferred on any car. Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to give you a demonstration of the properties which give the Chrysler Six such universal and irresistible appeal.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER SIX

CHRYSLER SIX

The Phaeton	-	-	\$1305
The Coach	-	-	1445
The Roadster	-	-	1625
The Sedan	-	-	1695
The Royal Coupe	-	-	1795
The Brougham	-	-	1865
The Imperial	-	-	1995
The Crown Imperial	-	-	3095

CHRYSLER FOUR

The Touring Car	-	-	\$ 895
The Club Coupe	-	-	995
The Coach	-	-	1045
The Sedan	-	-	1095

Hydraulic four-wheel brakes on all Chrysler Four models at slight extra cost.

All prices f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

*As the Patterson-Sargent
Company says:*

"The choice of mill construction has proven wholly satisfactory. We feel that for our purpose it is superior to any other type of construction."



A Room in the Plant of
The Patterson-Sargent Company, Long Island
City, New York, Manufacturers of
B. P. S. Paints, and B. V. S. Varnishes
The Ballinger Company, Architects and Engineers

Every Manufacturer whose business demands utmost flexibility of internal plant arrangement should read this —

The Popularity of the Mill Construction Building Is Enhanced by the Ready Availability and Fine Structural Qualities of Douglas Fir

An increasing percentage of the big timbers and plank required for all general construction purposes are being supplied today in Douglas Fir from the Pacific Northwest.

From the fine structural qualities inherent in the species, scientific selection makes it possible to secure, on special order, where exceptionally heavy loadings demand it, a "select structural grade," the equal, if not the superior, of any structural wood on the market today.

Through the Weyerhaeuser distributing plants at Baltimore and Minnesota Transfer, Saint Paul, Douglas Fir in all standard grades and sizes can be laid down quickly and economically in every industrial section of the country.

Twenty-two percent of all the lumber produced in this country today is Douglas Fir.

Quoted by Permission from letter of THE BALLINGER COMPANY Architects and Engineers, New York

"With reference to the Patterson-Sargent project, a marked advantage that mill construction has over masonry construction—the ease with which alterations can be made—was a matter of primary importance in the manufacture of paints and varnishes. Alterations or extensions of the plant equipment almost invariably involved changes in the rather elaborate system of pipes through which the material flows. Mill construction permits the perforation of the floors for new piping at practically any point at a small cost."

BUSINESS men who know the importance of keeping down plant overhead are paying more and more attention to the adaptabilities and *economies* of heavy timber mill construction for factory and warehouse expansion.

It is the business of the architect and engineer to advise you whether Mill Construction is adaptable to your individual building requirements. Or, if you prefer, there is available the consultation of a Weyerhaeuser Expert Construction Engineer.

The advantages of "Mill Construction" and the structural quality of Douglas Fir are thoroughly covered in the Weyerhaeuser booklets "Industrial Buildings" and "Structural Timbers of Douglas Fir" and in "Technical Note No. 201" issued by the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory. These booklets will be sent on request to responsible members of industrial concerns.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA



Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.



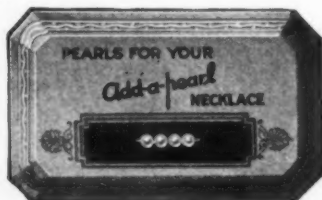
50 SHAPES TO CHOOSE FROM

<div><p>PIPES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FINE GIFTS</p></div>											
	1	2		3	3½	4	4½	5½			
											
	6	8		9	10	20	21¾	26			
											
26½	27	27½	28½	29	34	35	36	37	42		
											
45	49	55	56	66H	67	67H	69	70	76		
				LEEDS, ENG.	SINCE 1860						
76R	79	83	84½			85	85½	87	87½		
											
88	94	96	218			226	503	526	588		



*This Christmas — start
an Add-a-pearl necklace for her*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
[GENUINE ORIENTAL PEARLS]

PICTURE your little girl's delight this Christmas—when you present her with a small strand of beautiful genuine pearls. Then look farther ahead and see her in young womanhood—the proud possessor of a magnificent pearl necklace. This is the Add-a-Pearl idea. Each year, on gift occasions, you or others, add new pearls to the string. It grows more precious with time. Make your little girl happy—at Christmas.



Ask your
Jeweler

Correspondence
invited from
Dealers only

Buy additional pearls for your
Add-a-Pearl necklace on this
card. It guarantees perfection.

THE ADD-A-PEARL CO.
108 North State Street, Chicago

Phyllis, the Phone Girl

WELL, what do you expect for Christmas, Peggy—a mink coat, a pair of suspenders, or a Hispano-Sousa?...Don't tell me you're going to hang your stockings up?...Well, that's what they did in the years of B. C.—Before Charleston—but if you do, Peggy, don't roll 'em!

...Yeh, last Christmas was a pretty tough one for me, Peggy. I had to help my kid brother through chiropractor school an' all I got was a few postal cards from my friends an' a couple of black looks from the boss. Can y' imagine?

...Operator...operator! I was speakin' to Circle 0818 an' you went ahead an' cut me off!...I know, but don't you think I ought to get an even break now and then?...All right, dearie, don't get sore now!

...This Christmas?...Well, I should hope to catch the chronic guitar or somethin' if I don't! Why, I got a swell apartment hotel now, Peggy, with eight tenants on every floor, an' if I don't get at the least five bucks from each tenant, why, I'm a rotten saxophone player, that's all!

...I don't expect much from that professor in 12B, but right next door in C lives the football coach from the same college an' he ought to be good for ten smackers. Who did you say, Peggy?...Mr. Buzzman?...Oh, my, yeh—I've went out of my way many the time to do favors for him. He's one of these wealthy Florida acre-fakers, you know, an' I've got him down for at least twenty-five sure!

...Well, you forgot to tell me what you're expectin' for Christmas, Peggy. Now that you got one of those curly French puddle dogs, all you need is a sporty caracul coat to harmonize with it!...Say! If you could only get that big bootlegger friend of yours to give you his old 1923 roadster, we could have some swell times driving out to Long Beach together next summer!... Well, I guess that's just a sewer-pipe dream, hey, Peggy?

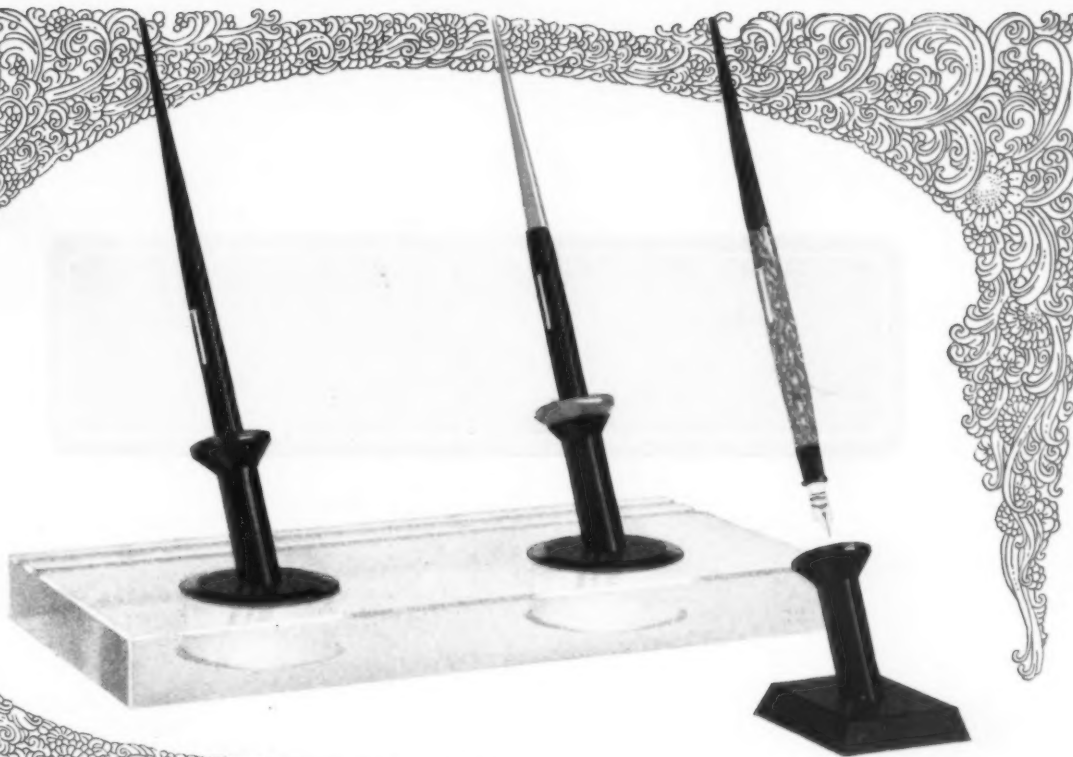
Well, anyway, here's to Santa Claus, Peggy,—the biggest sugar-daddy of 'em all!
Max Lief.

How It Started

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE and Ralph Waldo Emerson were taking a walk about Boston one pleasant day in the autumn of 1846. As might have been expected, they were discussing literature and eventually the conversation drifted to their own work.

"I am glad to say, Ralph, old kid," Hawthorne declared, "that your latest book is one of the greatest things ever printed in the English language."

"So's your Old Manse," was Emerson's quick retort.
T. S. E.



The sign of



a Lifetime

*America has long wanted and
needed this fountain pen set*

Here is a brand new kind of gift for busy men, and women also—another Sheaffer achievement. It is a rich and beautiful desk set, holding two fountain pens, so that they are always ready for *instant use*. The pens, of course, are the famous Sheaffer Lifetimes, made of the jewel-like Radite and made to give hard service for a lifetime. The base is of finest plate glass and the sockets are of lustrous and imperishable Radite, holding the pens in vacuums, so that they cannot dry out. Both black and red ink always at hand. This splendid gift, made also in single size shown above, now at better stores everywhere.

Prices, including long pens, from \$10 to \$30

SHEAFFER'S
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

There isn't any doubt that the average Pepperell Sheet bought by Madame Crinoline in the Fifties, would launder as many as 373 times (as an average Pepperell Sheet was washed this year). But there were no science laboratories to certify it then, as there are today. Pepperell quality hasn't changed a bit. And what seems to us, looking back to 1845, the "lost magic" of old-fashioned quality, is only the normal product of every single day in the Pepperell looms.



They've

**PAID FOR THEMSELVES
EACH YEAR FOR 80 YEARS!**

IN 1845 the first snowy Pepperell Sheets spun out of the looms, and started paying for themselves. Before that year was done they owed their purchasers nothing. For they were woven then, as now, of a quality of cotton and a degree of fineness which has come to be the standard of measure of all inexpensive sheeting. There never was much better, nor more lasting. Unlike come-and-go sheets (and many have come and gone since '45)

the soft texture of Pepperell develops best *after* a few launderings, stays soft, and *wears*. We have an average Pepperell sheet that has been washed more than 370 times—which tells you what to expect of them in service. Your chief surprise is that you can buy such service for so modest a price, in any size, almost anywhere in America.

PEPPERELL
SHEETING *Sheets* PILLOW CASES

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 160 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS. • MILLS AT BIDDEFORD, ME., AND OPELIKA, ALA.



Gerald (knowing much at nine years, but wishing to know it all):
 "DAD, WHY DO THEY CALL THIS A CLUB CAR?"

Father (a confirmed wisecracker):
 "BECAUSE SO MANY PEOPLE IN IT DRINK CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALE. WHICH WILL YOU HAVE, YOUR OLD FRIEND THE GOLDEN, OR THE NEW PALE DRY?"

Perhaps Pale Dry Clicquot appeals more to the grown-up taste than to youngsters; it is so delicate, so subtle—a true Sec drink. Yet many children like it as much as their old pet "regular" Clicquot Ginger Ale. Some people even mix the two to suit their mood. . . The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Massachusetts.



All the Delights of a Florida Winter plus-The Comfort and Service of This Distinctive Hotel

One of the largest and finest fireproof resort hotels in Florida,—on beautiful Tampa Bay. Every convenience, splendid appointments, unexcelled cuisine, smiling service. A Frank H. Abbott & Son hotel under the direction of Karl P. Abbott.

Paul Whiteman's Vinoy Park Hotel Orchestra

For booklet and information address: Vinoy Park Hotel, care of Town and Country, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City, Room 302.

VINOY PARK HOTEL

ST. PETERSBURG - FLORIDA

The Luxury Cruise to the Mediterranean PALESTINE and EGYPT



A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation—Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam."
Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands,

(By the famous
"ROTTERDAM" 5th Cruise)
Leaving New York, February 2, 1926
Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE's own management

The "ROTTERDAM"
24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

Sixty-seven Days of Delightful Diversion
ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and the Riviera. Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe.
Number of guests limited
American Express Co. Agents in Charge of Shore Excursions

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

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Luxury Cruise to the
WEST INDIES
27 days
(Holland-America Line
in cooperation with the
Frank Tourist Co.)
by the Luxurious
S.S. VEENDAM
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Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Detroit, Atlanta, Ga., Seattle, New Orleans, San Francisco, Mexico City, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

Or any authorized
Steamship Agent



ROYAL MAIL

"The Comfort Route"

WEST INDIES De Luxe Cruises

Jan. 21st—29 days Feb. 20th—30 days

To palm-fringed Bahamas—Spanish Havana—Jamaica's Blue Mountains—Panama—Dutch Curacao—Venezuela—Trinidad—"The Magnificent"—Barbados—Martinique—Virgin Islands—Porto Rico—enchanted Bermuda—with luxurious comfort on the superb OHIO, 27,180 tons displacement. Rates, \$250 up; or, including delightful excursions ashore, \$350 up. Passengers may stop over at Bermuda and return by the ARAGUAYA without extra charge.

BERMUDA

To Isles of Enchantment, "The Gulf Stream Playground"—for an ideal vacation of sports or rest. Flower decked semi-tropical islands—bathing beaches of gleaming coral sand. Only 48 hours from New York by the luxurious ARAGUAYA, 17,500 tons displacement—largest and finest steamer in the Bermuda service. Regular sailings start December 2nd—\$70 up round trip.

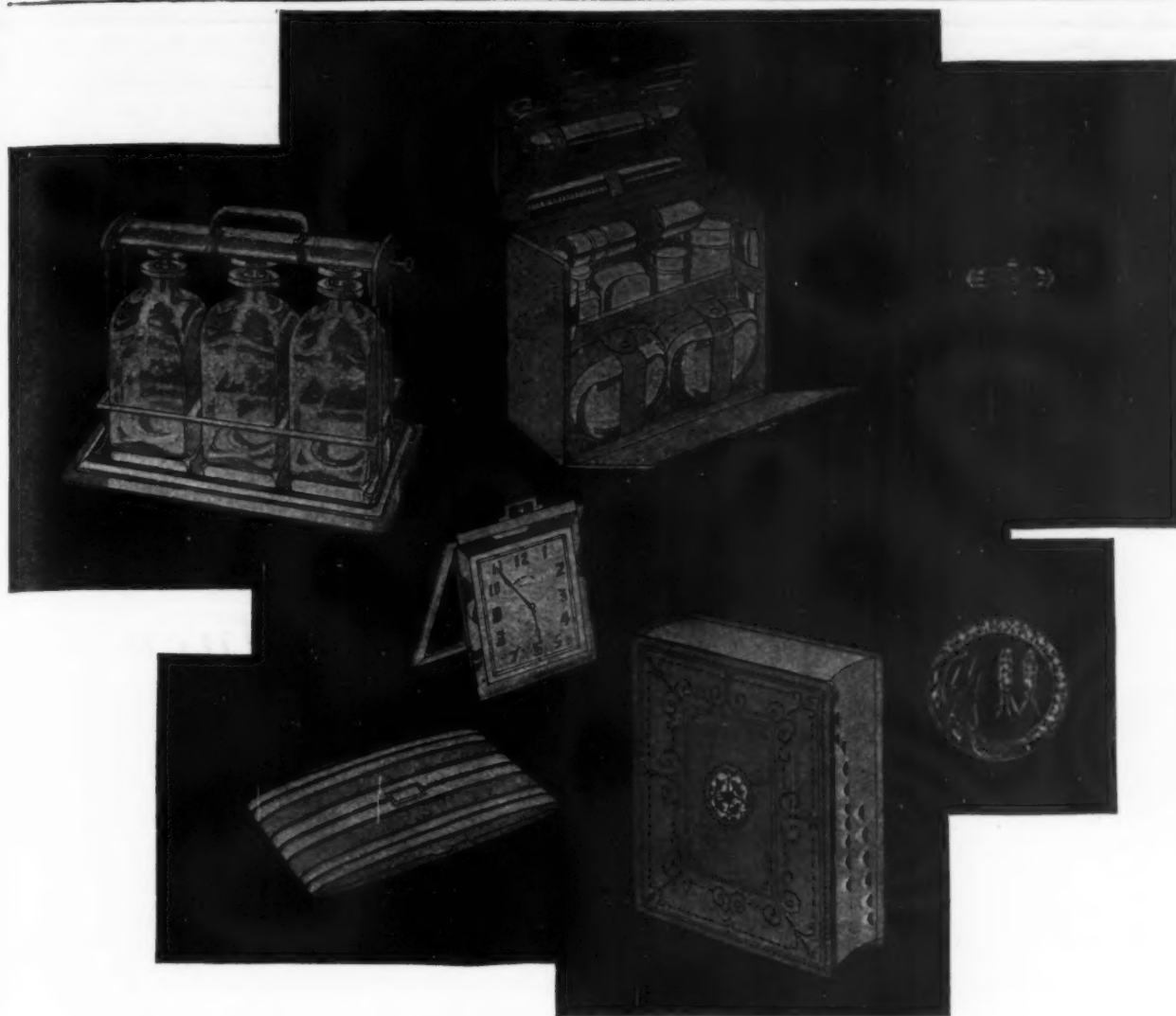
Write for illustrated booklets

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Atlanta, Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax



Father Bug: HURRAH, CHILDREN! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT! SANTA CLAUS IS IN SIGHT AND HE OUGHT TO REACH HERE ABOUT NEXT AUGUST.

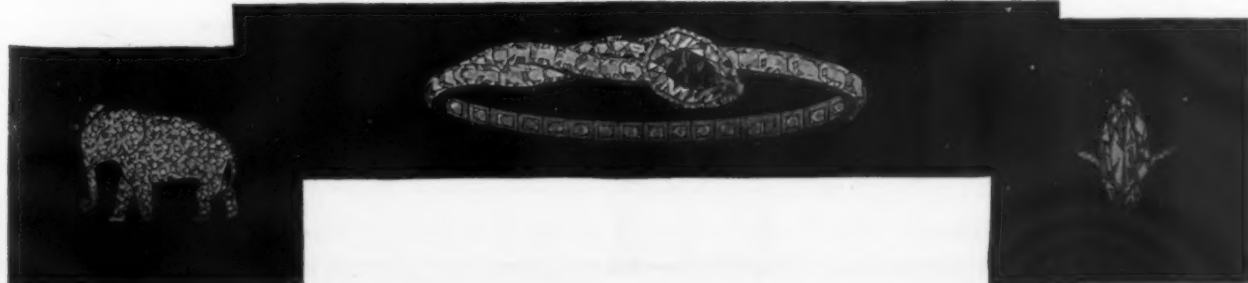


BLACK • STARR & FROST

It is easy to select a gift at Black, Starr & Frost. Here are jewels and jewelry novelties of our own exclusive design—Tantalus sets, fitted bags, women's hand bags, small watches that can be transformed into desk clocks, a diamond elephant veil pin, cigarette cases, leather bound dictionaries, diamond and enamel brooches, marquis diamond rings, and a newly designed snake bracelet—everything that makes for a wide and interesting choice and an agreeable range of prices.

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FIFTH AVENUE • CORNER 48TH STREET • NEW YORK





*“Save
a Little Place
for Me”*

LIFE—the perennial youngster—is up to his young-old tricks again—coming to the rescue of the harassed Christmas shopper. Rather thoughtful of him, isn't it, to offer his services just in time to solve the problem of the Unfinished List? LIFE is all set to go wherever he is wanted. And that means everywhere. From Main Street to Mayfair there isn't a home where LIFE would not be a welcome visitor fifty-two times a year. For when LIFE comes in at the door, worry flies out of the window. Think that over and remember that LIFE for a Friend Means a Friend for Life.

AND now, having made your decision, the coupon below will be found of enormous assistance. When you have filled it out and mailed it to us, we will send a Christmas card telling him—or her—what you have done.

Obey That Impulse

L i f e

I enclose \$....for....subscriptions
to LIFE to be sent in my name.

393

Please send LIFE
for one year to

Please send LIFE
for one year to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)



From Strength to Strength Advancing!

ACHIEVEMENT is all conquering. With banners flying, it sweeps triumphantly to fame. The advance of FREED-EISEMANN has been irresistible. Last year the overwhelming preference of the public made FREED-EISEMANN the world's largest makers of Neutrodyne Radio. This season the continued demand for FREED-EISEMANN has been so great that all sales records have been broken and the leadership of FREED-EISEMANN still further confirmed.

The American public has made known its preference—you are safe in making that preference your choice. Choose the FREED-EISEMANN Radio.

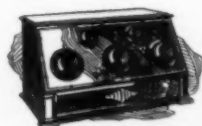
*WITHOUT cost or obligation—
a liberal home trial*

Our dealers are so sure of the performance of the FREED-EISEMANN that *this week* they will gladly install a set in your home *without obligation*. Telephone for your set today!

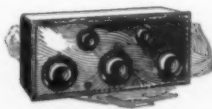
Freed-Eisemann Radio Corporation
MANHATTAN BRIDGE PLAZA • BROOKLYN, N. Y.



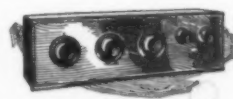
NEW! NR-45 \$160.00
A de luxe six-tube Neutrodyne receiver, remarkably selective, in handsome cabinet*



NEW! FE-18 \$90.00
A new five-tube dry cell receiver; space for batteries in cabinet



NEW! FE-15 \$75.00
A new five-tube receiver, built for use with storage battery



NEW! NR-7 \$110.00
A six-tube licensed Neutrodyne receiver embodying an improved method of audio-frequency amplification*

† Licensed and manufactured under a group of Latour patents.
* Licensed by Independent Radio Mfrs., Inc., under Hazeltine pats. Nos. 1450080, 1489228, 1533858

FREED-EISEMANN

World's Largest Makers of Neutrodyne Radio

LIFE

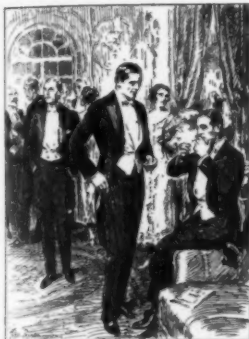


Peace on
Earth

Good will
to men

Goodrich Silvertown Balloons

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, ESTABLISHED 1870, AKRON, OHIO
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario



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ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
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Christmas Suggestions

Less than \$5.00

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 Ash Trays
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 Bath Slippers
 Bath Towels
 Bedroom Slippers
 Belts
 Bone Shoe Horns
 Boot Garters
 Boot Hooks
 Boot Jacks
 Boot and Shoe Laces
 Boot Lifts
 Boot and Shoe Polishes,
 Dressings, Brushes,
 Shankbones, etc.
 Boys' Gloves
 Boys' Suits
 Braces
 Buckskin Gloves
 Caps
 Calling Lists
 Card Cases
 Cheviot Shirts, White
 Cigarette Boxes
 Collars
 Combination Knives
 Combination Shoe Horns
 and Button Hooks
 Corkscrews
 Cravats
 Day Books
 Diaries
 Dictionaries
 Dressing Case Fittings
 Drinking Cups
 Fancy Colored and Silk
 Handkerchiefs
 Felt Slippers
 Folding Boot Jacks
 Folding Scissors, Mole
 Case
 Gloves, Leather and Wool
 Golf Garters
 Golf Gloves
 Golf Stockings
 Guest Books
 Handkerchiefs
 Hat Brushes
 Hat Guards
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 Jewel Boxes
 Jockey Lifts
 Key Chains
 Key Purses
 Knitted Cravats
 Laundry Lists
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 Brushes
 Leather Luggage Tags
 Lecoultr Razors
 Lowe's Pipes

Memorandum Books
 Nail Brushes
 Nail Clippers
 Nail Files
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 Peel Boot Polishes and
 Dressings
 Peel Shoe Trees
 Photograph Frames
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 Pocket Books
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 Leather Cases
 Pocket Knives
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 Razors and Strops
 Record of Gifts
 Riding Whips
 Safety Pins
 Safety Razor Sets
 Shaving Brushes
 Shaving Mirrors
 Shirts
 Shoe Trees
 Silk Handkerchiefs
 Silk Hosiery
 Silk Ties and Scarves
 Soft Collars
 Spats and Gaiters
 Spiral Puttees
 Soap Boxes
 Spur Cases
 Spur Chains
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 Thermos Bottles
 Tobacco Jars
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 \$5.00 to \$10.00

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 Armchair Ash Trays
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 Cheviot Shirts
 Cigarette and Cigar Cases
 and Lighters
 Collar Boxes
 Comb, Collar, Glove and
 Handkerchief Cases
 Custom Shirts
 Document Cases
 Dog Baskets
 Dog-Head Cans
 Dollar Bill Cases
 Dress Shirts
 Driving Gloves
 Dunhill Pipes
 Evening Waistcoats
 Fancy Silk Squares and
 Mufflers
 Fishing Helmets
 Flannel Shirts
 Flasks
 Fountain Pens
 Fox's Cloth Spiral Puttees
 Glove Trees
 Gloves
 Golf Stockings
 Golf Umbrellas

Handkerchief Cases
 Hunting and Beagling
 Horns
 Hunting Gloves
 Leather Slippers
 Leather Toilet and
 Dressing Cases
 M. M. Co Pipes
 Match Boxes
 Metal Cigarette Boxes
 Morocco Tie Cases
 Olive Drab Wool Shirts
 Pewter Tobacco Jars
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 Pignin Cigar Cases
 Polo Jerseys
 Pyjamas
 Scarf Pins
 Shaving Mirrors
 Sewing Sets
 Shawl Straps
 Shirts, Cheviot and
 Madras
 Silk Tobacco Pouches
 Silver and Enamel Knives
 Smokers' Companions
 Soft Hats
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 Thermos Bottles
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 Wool Long Hose
 Writing Folios

From
 \$10.00 to \$20.00

Attache Cases
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 Studs
 Bath Robes
 Bath Scales
 Bath Sheets
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 Calendar Clocks
 Cans
 Canteens
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 Derby Hats
 Fitted Work Baskets
 Flannel Waistcoats
 Fur and Fur-lined Gloves
 Golfers' Rain Jackets
 Hunting Knives
 Key Chains, Snake
 Pattern
 Leather Handkerchief
 Cases
 Leather Puttees and Leg-
 gings
 Leather Waistcoats
 Odd Knickers, Breaches
 and Trousers
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 Peel "Sam Browne"
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 Polo Caps and Helmets
 Record Books
 Reindeer Shirts



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 Baskets
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 Rugs
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 Suit Cases
 Town and Country Coats
 Travelling Alarm Clocks
 Travelling Bags
 Umbrella and Cane Hold-
 ers, Fibre, Canvas or
 Cowhide
 Velvet Hunting Caps

From
 \$50.00 upward

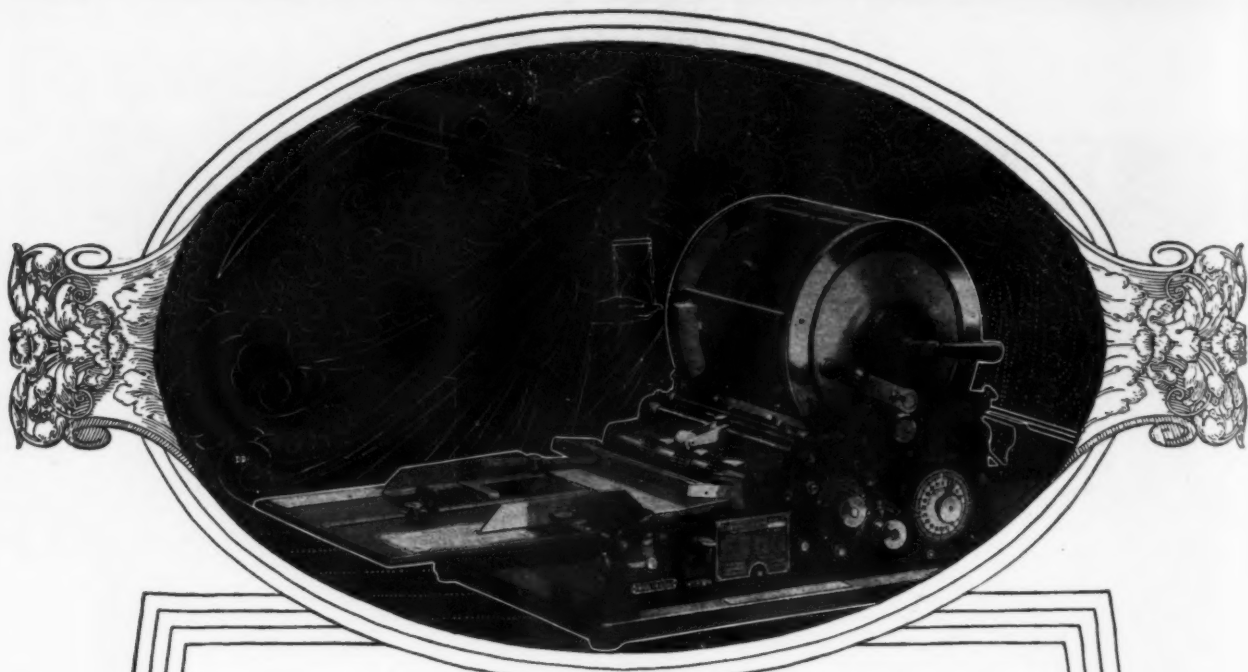
Beagling Coats
 Boot and Shoe Kits
 Cabin Trunks with Hide
 Bumpers
 Collapsible Kit Bags
 English Fitted Suit Cases
 English Golf Travelling
 Bags
 Fitted Attache Cases
 Fur-lined Garments
 Gold Hunt Waistcoat But-
 tons, each Engraved
 with Different Design
 Golf Caps
 Leather-lined Overcoats
 Lightweight Touring
 Trunks
 Luncheon Baskets
 Men's Suits and Overcoats
 Monitor Bags
 Motor Coats, Slip-ons
 Motor Picnic Baskets
 Peel Luggage
 Polo Coats
 Room Suits
 Saddle Bags
 Short Warm
 Sole Leather Trunks
 Tantalus Sets
 Tea Baskets
 Travellers' Toilet Cases,
 Ebony or Satinwood
 Fittings
 Tuxedo and Drem Sets
 Wardrobe Trunks



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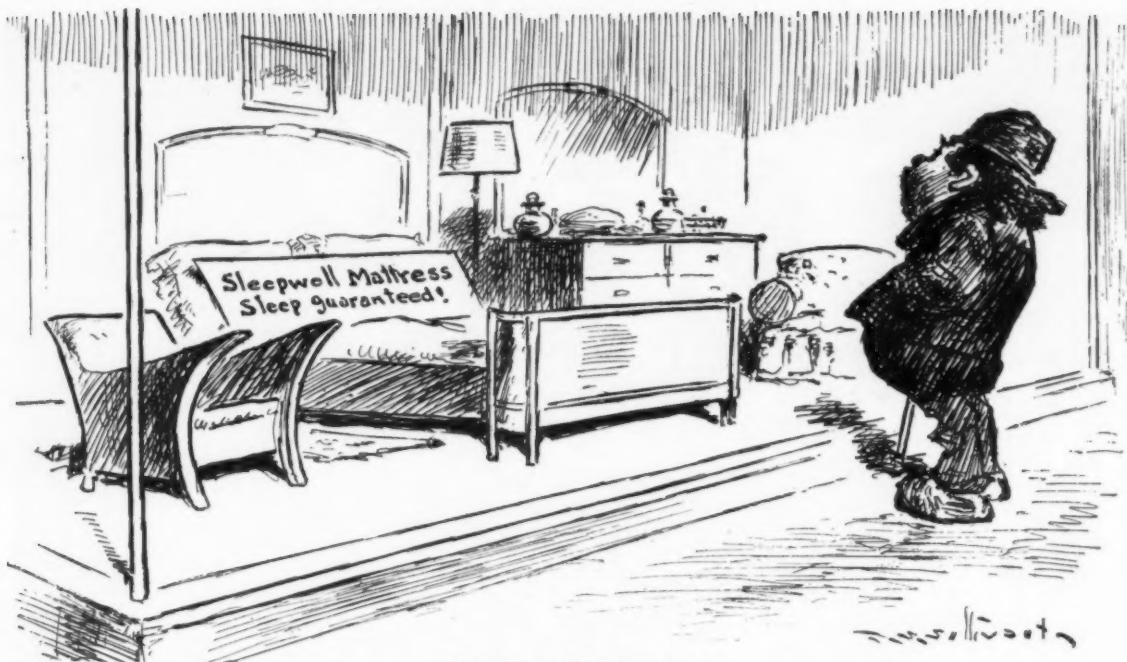
M I M E O G R A P H



Life

Christmas Number





OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

"I WONDER IF I COULD GET A JOB AS DEMONSTRATOR FOR THAT THERE BED?"



IN DARKEST AFRICA

First Monk: WHY IS MISS GAZELLE HIGH-HATTING EVERYBODY THESE DAYS?

Second Monk: OH, SHE'S BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE THE PRINCE OF WALES SHOT AT HER.



City Editor (on Christmas Day): GO UPTOWN AND INTERVIEW SOME OF THE POOR DEVILS WHO HAVE TO WORK AND CAN'T HAVE DINNER WITH THEIR FAMILIES TO-DAY. WRITE A GOOD SOB STORY, ABOUT A COLUMN AND A HALF. ON YOUR WAY BACK YOU MIGHT STOP AT A LUNCH WAGON AND GET HALF A DOZEN HOT DOGS. HAVE 'EM PUT PLENTY OF MUSTARD ON 'EM. I WON'T BE ABLE TO LEAVE THE SHOP ALL DAY.

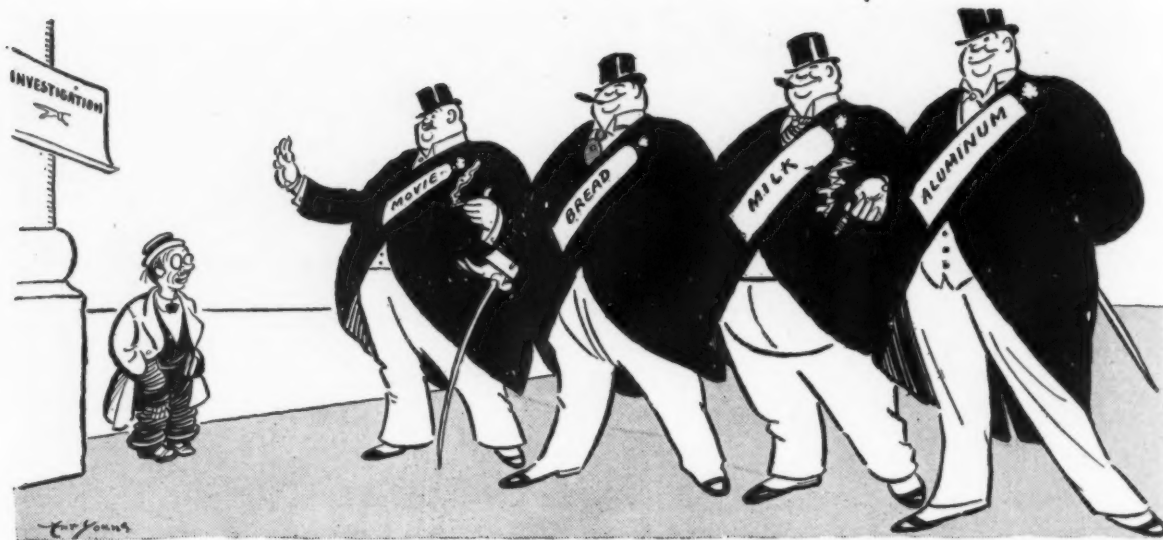


CHRISTMAS IN TUDOR ENGLAND

SIR WALTER RALEIGH INTRODUCES THE CHRISTMAS CIGAR TO HER MAJESTY.



CHRISTMAS IN TUDOR ENGLAND
HENRY THE EIGHTH ADJUSTS THE MISTLETOE.



Mr. Common People: IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIENDS THE TRUSTS!
The Fat Boys: SH-H-H, NOT SO LOUD—WE ARE MERGERS NOW.



FLAMING YOUTH

"LEMME HAVE SOME OIL OF JUNIPER, MR. SQUILLS. I'M MAKIN' POP SOME GIN FOR CHRISTMAS."

LIFE

A Ghost Story

(As Sherwood Anderson Would Write It If He Weren't Prevented)

By Robert Benchley

DAVID PERK sat on the edge of his bed. It was nearly midnight and in a few minutes the ghost would come. The ghost would come, all right, all right. Why not? Milt Neevis had seen it here in this very room, and Milt got drunk every Thursday night and rolled in the bran-mash they had fixed for the horses out in Rob McCarver's barn. And Milt knew women, too. When Spring came to Panis Junction, and the soft smell of honeysuckle drifted into town over Ernest Tamson's tannery down by the tracks, Milt used to sneak out at eleven o'clock every night and go in swimming alone in the Women's Public Baths. Naked. Milt knew women all right. Lordy!

And Milt Neevis had told David Perk that at midnight the ghost would be sure to come. And what's more, it might be a female ghost, Milt said. Male and female. Hot dickety-dog!

2.

DAVID PERK was sitting on the edge of his bed waiting for the ghost. Why should he—David Perk—be afraid? Why should any one be afraid? Why should you be afraid? Why should I be afraid? Sex was sex, wasn't it? That night in Chicago. Why had he left Ella? Ella had been his first wife and every Friday night she used to bake potatoes and cut them open to put butter in them. David had liked to see her cut open the baked potatoes. Perhaps it hurt them to be cut open. Why not? Potatoes had sex, just the same as you and me or old Milt Neevis rolling in the bran-mash out in Rob McCarver's barn. Male potatoes. Female potatoes. Cut them open and put butter in them. And paprika. Ella had cut them open and put butter in them that night back in Chicago. And David had left her. Not because she did that. David had liked that. It had made him feel all queer all over. Lordy! Ella would never understand how it made him feel. So he had left her. Male potatoes in the same dish with female potatoes. Milt Neevis swimming alone naked in the Women's Public Baths on a Spring night. Slicky-slicky!

3.

DAVID PERK sitting on the edge of his bed waiting for the ghost. Perhaps a girl ghost. He was a man, wasn't he? Secretary Stanton of Lincoln's Cabinet had been a man, hadn't he? Why Stanton? Well, why not Stanton? He, David Perk, had never seen Stanton, had he? Nor G. A. Henty. Nor Cyrus W. Field. All men, weren't

they? And what were men made for if not for women?

*"Hill-dill, come over the hill,
Or else I'll catch you standing still."*

That night in Detroit. When he had left Irma. Irma had been his second wife. Irma had large bones and cried easily. One night in the Spring she and David had gone out into the fields and pulled up all the grass. A mare and a stallion pulling up grass in the fields and chewing it. They had chewed grass all night. Big sensation. Grass between your teeth. Green, sharp grass. Big male moon in the sky looking for its mate. Little female stars skipping about looking for their mates. Never finding them. David never finding any one. Twenty-three! Skidoo!

4.

THAT night in Boston when David had met Theresa. Theresa was his third wife. The State House dome in the moonlight. Niggers singing on the Common. Niggers who had been freed. Irishmen singing on the Common. Sailors with girls on their laps on the benches. Spooning. Tremont Street. Boylston Street. Trolley cars. English sparrows with Spring in their veins. Men and women. Boys and girls. Male babies and female babies. Sex! America!

And here was he, David Perk, sitting—all hot and bothered—on the edge of his bed waiting for the ghost to come. And old Milt Neevis down in Rob McCarver's barn rolling in the bran-mash.

5.

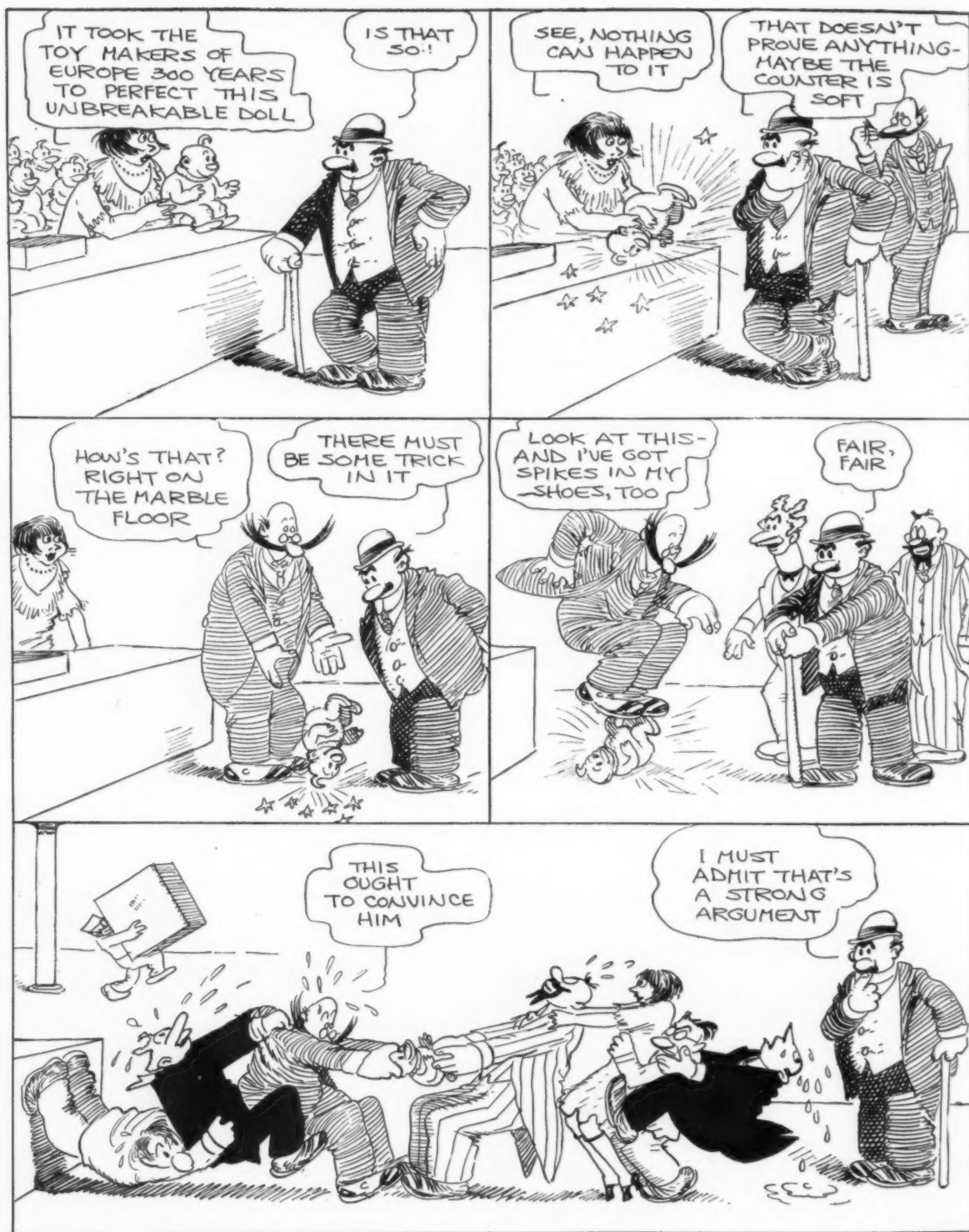
DOWNSTAIRS Edith was asleep. Edith was David Perk's fourth wife. Edith slept on her right side with the right arm stretched out behind her and her left hand under her cheek. And after that—what? After *what* what? What did it matter what? Here was the ghost. The ghost that Milt Neevis had told him about. And Milt had said it might be a female!

David felt all queer. He felt as he had felt that night in Toronto when he had left Marian, his fifth wife. "All alone by the telephone waiting for a ring, a ting-a-ling." Things hadn't gone right—for him and Marian—not right at all.

*"Higgledy-piggledy, my black hen.
She lays eggs for gentlemen."*

Eggs for gentlemen, eh? Lord, what a time! But what was a fellow to do? What had (Please turn to page 64) •





The Unbreakable Doll—



-A Christmas Calamity



The Christmas Card Counter

Brother Preble Catches the Spirit

By R. E. Sherwood



"It'll cost you twenty-five berries to call."

FOUR men sat in the genial warmth of the Elks Club and thought about home.

"A home away from home," they called it, with defiant cheerfulness; but it *was* away from home—far away. They couldn't persuade themselves to deny that. They could persuade themselves, and others, to do a great many things—being, as they were, traveling salesmen and therefore preternaturally persuasive.

But this was Christmas Eve, and one of them came from Duluth, and one from East Orange, and one from South Bend, and one from Spokane, and they were in the Elks Club, in a small city on the eastern slopes of the Rockies.

The man from Spokane was lucky. He would catch the westbound limited at 10:38 and would be home in time for Christmas dinner the next day. The others would spend Christmas in the Elks Club—"a home away from home"—and would then move on to their next ports of call.

The club rooms were gaily decorated, as was to be expected, with green crêpe paper streamers and red paper bells; there was a towering Christmas tree that sparkled with multicolored electric bulbs; beneath the giant elk's head, over the fireplace, was a handsomely lettered placard with the appropriate words, "Merry Christmas."

Three of the men were gathered about the great fire, talking and laughing boisterously; the fourth sat across the room, idly examining the advertising pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He was the one from East Orange; he was in the toilet goods business, and his name, although it is of no particular importance, was Joseph Preble.

Preble was a short man, with pince-nez glasses that communicated with his ear by means of a delicate gold chain. He had a wife and three children, back in East

Orange, of whom he was desperately fond. He probably wouldn't get to see them before February.

One of the men at the fireplace stood up and walked over to Preble. He was from South Bend—a salesman for a pipe organ concern, and therefore suaver and more intellectual than the others.

He slapped the surprised Preble on the back.

"My name's De Vrie," he announced heartily. "I'm in the pipe organ game."

"My name's Preble—toilet accessories."

"Glad to know you, Brother Preble," said De Vrie. "Some of the boys over here thought we might get together and dally with my Lady Luck for a while. Like to join us?"

"Sure," said Preble, who was very lonely.

So the four men, brother Elks, sat down to a game of stud poker—a game, be it said, with which Preble was none too familiar. The limit was one dollar. "I can't lose much at that rate," he assured himself.

As they played, the room clerk strolled from behind his desk and started to tinker with the radio, which had yawned silently at them from a corner of the room.

"This might liven things up a little," he explained pleasantly.

"That's an idea," said De Vrie. "See if you can pick up some DX."

He dealt the cards.

Preble didn't do so well, and by the fifth hand he had been compelled to buy another five-dollar stack; shortly after that, he bought a third.

He was losing faster and more heavily than he had expected, but it was Christmas Eve and he wanted to be a good fellow. So he came in on every pot, even when

he had no more than a deuce in the hole with a seven showing; Preble was naturally a hopeful soul.

At ten o'clock he was eleven stacks out, with a few dollars in chips before him. It was the last round, as the man from Spokane had to catch his train; at the suggestion of the man from Duluth, who was also a loser, the limit had been utterly abandoned for this final round.

Preble was beginning to feel a little sick. He was out fifty dollars, and fifty dollars was a great deal of money to lose, especially on Christmas Eve. That fifty dollars would have to come out of the pay check that he was about to send home to his wife, in East Orange. He would have a hard time explaining this to her.

He must plunge heavily in this last round; he must win several big pots and get even. It was his only chance. Retrenchment, at this late hour, was impossible.

Suddenly, from the dark depths of the loud speaker, emerged a swelling chorus of voices, singing Christmas carols from Station WREO in Lansing, Michigan.

Preble turned to listen:

*"O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by."*

It was his favorite hymn. The sound of the voices, carried for a thousand miles through the cold December night, thrilled him immeasurably.

"Are you in, Brother Preble?" asked De Vrie, who was not listening to the radio.

"Yes, I'm in," said Preble, and he pushed some chips to the center of the table, without so much as glancing at the two cards that had been dealt him.

Then he turned again to the loud speaker:

*"Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the
years
Are met in thee to-night."*

Preble could see his little home in East Orange and the three little children who were sleeping there, their rumpled heads buried in the pillows, their dreams, no doubt, suffused with happy visions of the Christmas morning that was to come. There was Junior, aged eight; Harriet (named after Mrs. Preble's mother), aged five, and the baby, little Fred, who would be three in April. "Great kids, those youngsters of mine," reflected Preble. He paid no attention to the bets and the raises that were going on about him, for his wife, at that moment, was probably filling the stockings. She was surely thinking of him.

"It'll cost you eight dollars to play, Brother Preble," said De Vrie, breaking in on his thoughts.

Preble bought two more stacks and tossed the chips into the pot.

The chorus continued:

*"O moving stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And Praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth."*

Preble knew that, behind his pince-nez glasses, his eyes were moist. But he didn't care.

"Peace to men on earth."

That was the spirit of Christmas—the spirit that had exalted a humble world for nineteen centuries—the spirit that had sweetened old Scrooge's sour disposition and made him human—the spirit that had compelled the boys in the trenches to withhold their devastating fire on that one holy day....

"Look here, Brother Preble, are you in this game or aren't you?"

De Vrie's voice, in which a note of impatience was evident for the first time, rasped discordantly on the sensitive surface of Preble's consciousness.

He dragged himself from the clouds and focused his protesting attention on the card table. The first object to attract this attention was the pot—an impressive pile of red, white and blue chips. The sight of all this money—there must have been sixty or seventy dollars there—startled Preble, and caused him to peer anxiously at the other hands.

The man from Duluth, on his left, had two aces showing; the man from Spokane had a pair of eights and De Vrie had three sixes.

"It'll cost you twenty-five berries to call," said De Vrie.

Preble surveyed his own hand: a king, a queen, a ten and a nine were showing. With trembling fingers he lifted the corner of his hole card and glanced beneath.

It was a jack.

Nervously he took from his pocket a pencil and a sheet of paper, on which he scribbled an I. O. U.

"There's your twenty-five dollars," he announced, in a faltering voice, "and twenty-five dollars more."

The other three men looked down at their own hands, then at his, and then again at their own.

From the metallic throat of the loud speaker, the angels' chorus in Lansing, Michigan, sent forth the final verse of the Christmas hymn.

Preble whirled around in his chair. "Hey," he shouted to the room clerk, "turn that damned thing off!"

CHRISTMAS CAROL:

MODEL 1925

A NECKTIE, a necktie,
A green and yellow checked tie:
I gave it to
My boy-friend, who
Looked frightfully unpleasant.

UNPLEASANT, unpleasant,
He didn't like my present—
The best I found!
And he, the hound,
Gave me a pair of stockings.

STOCKINGS, stockings,
With fancy silken clockings:
I'm sure I've got
A hundred. What
A trite mind he possesses!

POSSESSES, possesses,—
He might have bought me dresses,
Or else a hat
(I saw one that
Was certainly a beauty).

A BEAUTY, a beauty,
Both flowery and fruity....
Ah, well, we've been
Roped neatly in,
But we have done our duty,
Our duty, our duty,
We've done our Yuletide duty!

SIMONETTA.



The Floorwalker: WELL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?
Little Girl: OH, NOTHIN'! WE'RE ONLY JUST MERELY LOOKIN' 'ROUND T' SEE IF THERE'S
ANYTHING WE NEED FER CHRISMUS.



THE QUITTER

"SAY, FELLERS, IF HE DON'T SHOW UP IN AN HOUR OR SO, LET'S KNOCK OFF AN' GO TO BED."



THE THREE LITTLE ANTS

(Oh, you're not so smart, Mr. A. A. Milne!)

ONCE upon a time there were three little Ants.
They had lots of legs but they hadn't any pants.
They had no coats and they had no vests,
So they all caught cold in their legs and their chests.

They sent for the doctor and the doctor said,
"It's a wonder you haven't caught cold in the head;
Because, don't you know, if you don't wear cloze
You're sure to catch cold in your eyes and nose."

"And if you catch cold in your hands and feet
You catch pew-mony and you die toot sweet.
If you die toot sweet, why, you die mighty quick,
So you'd better buy cloze before you get too sick!"

Then they each gave a cough and they all gave a sneeze,
And they paid the doctor fifty-leven dollars, please;
And it made them gloomy and it made them sad,
For fifty-leven dollars was all that they had.

So they said, "Well! Well!" and they said "Gurk! Gurk!
We have no money so we must go to work,
Then we'll earn some money which will buy us vests
And coats and pants for our legs and chests.
Oh, we must have coats and we must have pants
Or we'll catch more cold!" said the three little Ants.

Then the first little Ant gave a pull and a push
And he climbed up Mister Bill Smith's rose bush;
He gave both his jaws six tweaks and two twiddles
And began eating rose leaves out in their middles.

Then Mister Bill Smith came along and said,
"If you eat all my roses my bush will be dead.
So please, Mister Ant, if you only will stop,
I'll pay you eighty million billion trillion sillion dollars
and a lollipop!"

Then the first little Ant said, "Thanks, Mister Smith;
I need some money for to buy cloze with,"
So he took the eighty million billion trillion sillion dollars in gold
And bought warm cloze, and they cured his cold.

Now the second little Ant began just at dawn
To build a house on Mister Bill Smith's lawn;
Then Mister Bill Smith came along and said,
"If you build that house my lawn will be dead.

"So please, Mister Ant, if you'll only stop,
I'll give you ninety million billion trillion sillion dollars and a lollipop!"
So the second little Ant took the ninety million billion trillion sillion
dollars in gold
And bought warm cloze, and they cured his cold.

But the third little Ant was a lazy little Ant
And he wouldn't work enough to buy a single pant!
He wouldn't work enough to buy a coat or a vest,
So he caught more cold in his legs and his chest.

And because he was lazy and wouldn't buy cloze
He caught a cold in his eyes and his nose;
He caught a cold in his hands and his feet,
Then he caught pew-mony and he died toot sweet!

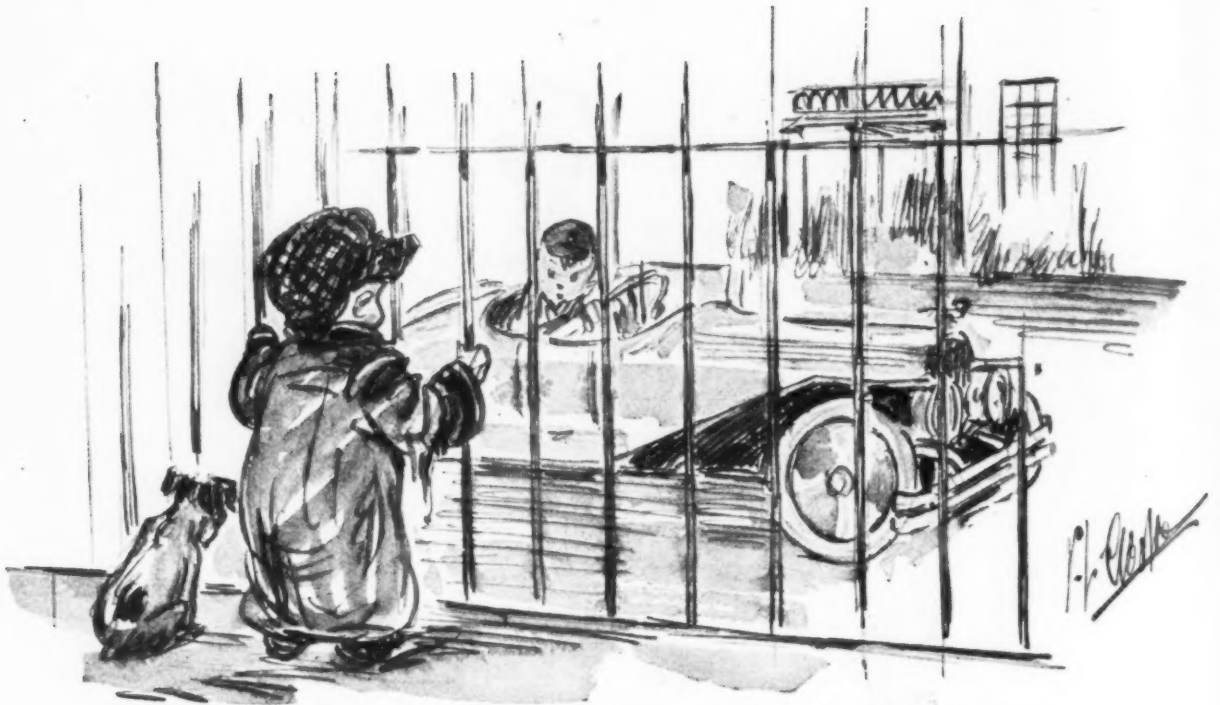
So that is the story of the three little Ants
Who hadn't any coats or vests or pants.
They hadn't any coats or vests or pants,
And that is the story of the three little Ants.

Baron Ireland.





All in the Eye



"SAY, I DON'T S'POSE YA'D LEND US A TOY UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS, I DON'T S'POSE, WOULD YA NOW? I WANT TO KID A COUPLE O' GUYS."



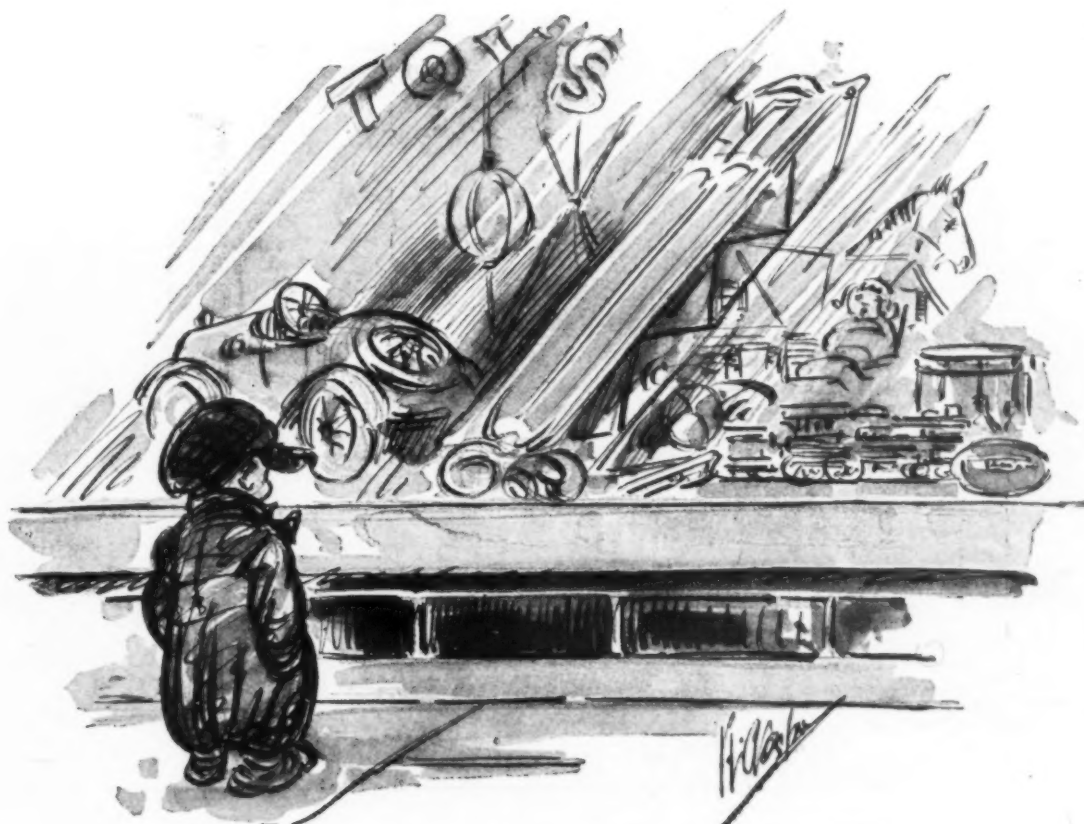
"THE KID OUGHTA BE PLEASED WITH THIS, DON'T YA THINK?"



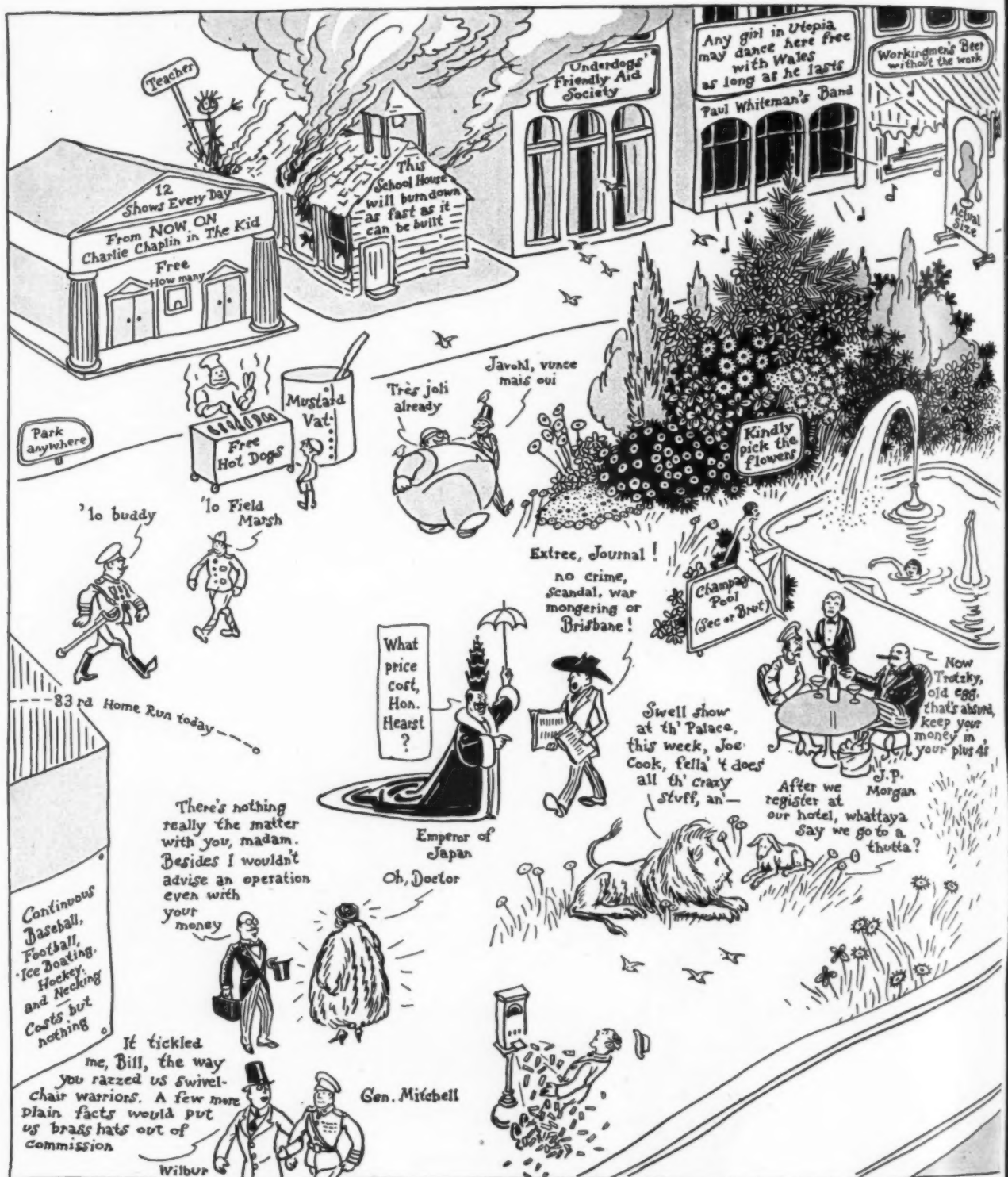
"NEVER MIND, KID, THERE'LL BE ANOTHER CHRISTMAS."



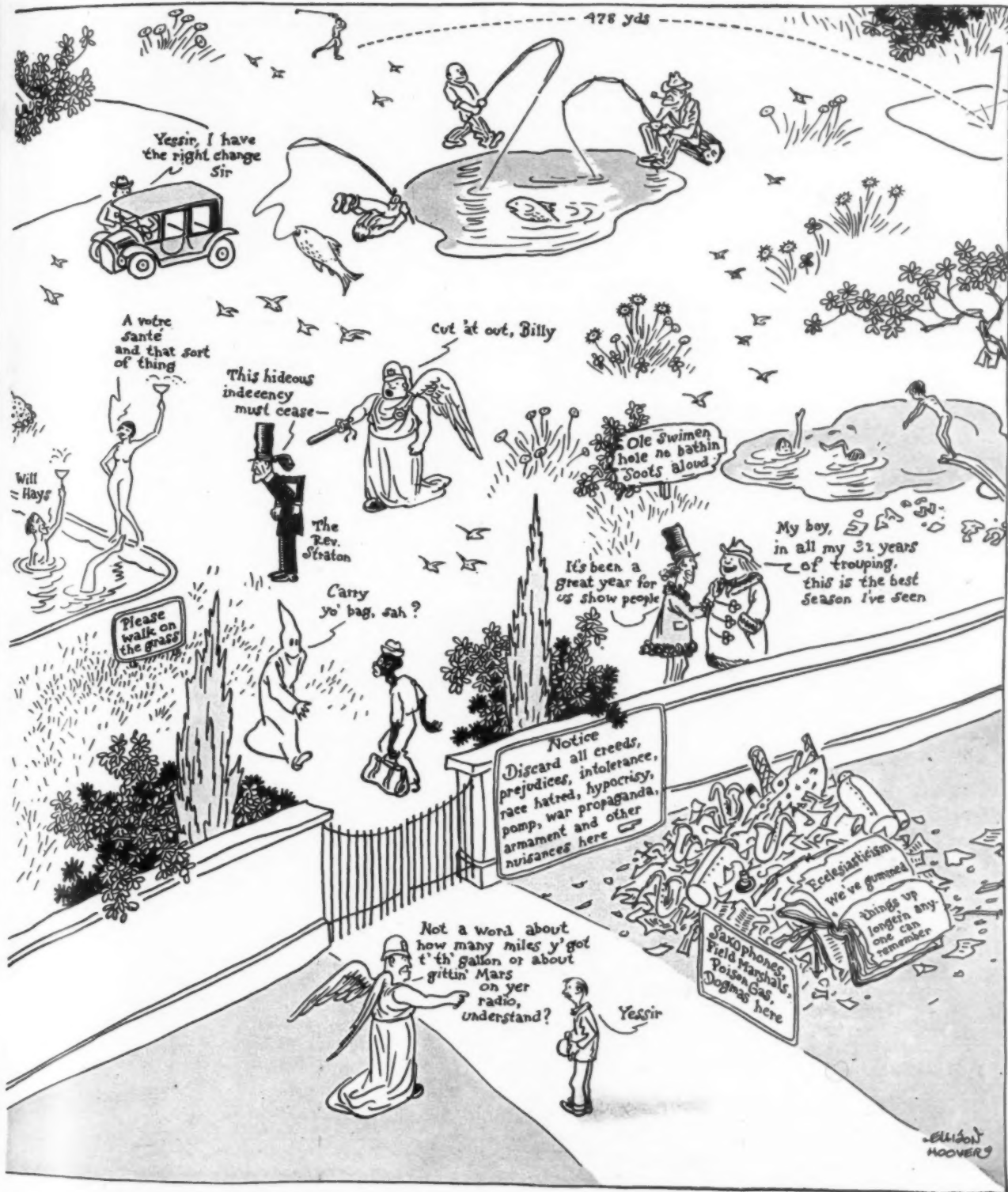
"MAMA, YA BETTER COME DOWN TO SANTY CLAUS—
HE'S STEWED AGAIN."



"ANOTHER DAY 'N' ALL THIS'LL BE TAKEN AWAY. OH, WELL, THEY CAN'T TAKE WISHIN' AWAY
FROM A BLOKE."



An Impression of Utopia



By One Who Has Never Been There

The Red Hand of Vengeance

THE judge asked, "Have you anything to say before I pass sentence on you?" The prisoner arose, bowed his head in thought for a moment, then said in a proud, grave manner:

Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, it is true that I killed Isadore Gonnef, manager of the Rivalto Theatre. I held his head under the water in one of the gaudy fountains in his own theatre lobby.

That unfortunate evening I decided to see my favorite picture-star, Olivia Ostermoor, in her new film, "CHASTITY FOR CHINCHILLAS," play-

ing at the Rivalto Theatre. I came early because I wanted to get home to bed at a reasonable hour.

The Rivalto super-magnificent augmented orchestra played a potpourri of airs from well-known Esthonian operas. George Cracknel, the finest organist in the world, obliged with "Love's Old Sweet Song," "The Rosary," "Kiss Me Again," and various other selections on the greatest organ in the world. Then the curtain went up on "In Old Heidelberg," an atmospheric prologue. The stage was packed with people in French peasant costume, bumping flagons of wine and singing a Polish folk-

song. A dozen girls wearing wooden shoes came out and did a clog dance with their hands on their hips. No sooner had these finished than some girls dressed in kimonos came out, waved fans and did a Japanese dance. Other girls did a Russian dance. Four fat men in dress-suits sang, "The Radio Girl I Adore." They sang it singly, in pairs, as a trio and as a quartette. This led naturally into a Spanish dance and an Apache dance.

The curtain went down at last! But it went up again on a gentleman in overalls leaning against a rose bush and singing to a blonde lady leaning out of the window of a rose-covered cottage, "Roses Are Just a Little Bit Redder When I Love You." This was followed by a six-reel comedy, Larry Leatherneck in "Hot Potatoes."

Now the Classic Six, seven girls in lace curtains, favored with some dances of the old Greeks. Then came a man in a sailor costume who played selections from "Parsifal" on a saw.

My legs had gone to sleep, and I sat helpless while a lady in a silver robe led the audience in community singing. It was one o'clock and the last train to my home in Cranberry Bluffs had been gone fifteen minutes when the four-reel travelogue began. It was the record of a trip "Through the Mesopotamian Hinterland in a Kiddy-Kar."

About dawn, little Wilbur Whangdoodle, aged eight, the golden-voiced thrush of Union Hill, New Jersey, sang "Moonlight and Roses." An educational picture, "A Trip to a Primitive Etruscan Roller-Skate Factory," was just beginning when I managed to drag my paralyzed limbs from the seat and stagger out. An usher showed me the manager of the theatre standing near the fountain. The rest you know.

My only request is this: before I'm hanged, let me be taken to a bare hall, let me sit on a plain chair and see Olivia Ostermoor in "CHASTITY FOR CHINCHILLAS," without a prologue.

Robert Lord.

Hesitation

"THAT daughter of mine wants a car of her own for Christmas."

"Are you going to give it to her?"

"I don't know. I doubt whether I can afford one that she'll accept."

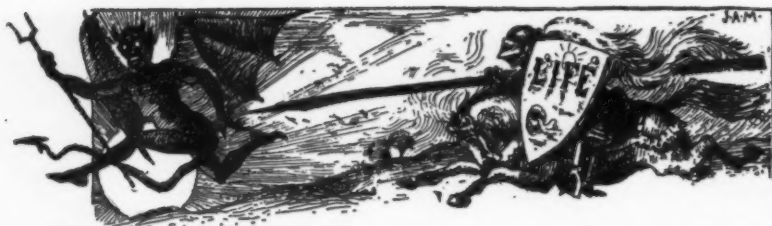


THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

"WAIT TILL THEY'VE ALL GONE TO BED, FELLOWS, AND WE'LL GO IN AND TRIM THAT TREE UP RIGHT."



As Amended



DECEMBER 3, 1925

VOL. 86. 2248

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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AS Christmas comes, Peace and Good Will do not yet absolutely prevail in this world, but a good many things help observers to look towards them with some increase of confidence. There are several bright and cheering articles to hang on the Christmas tree. There is Locarno. It is premature to say that our world was saved there, but the spirit shown there was highly medicinal, and what was actually done there considerably helped matters. We cannot count up the practical results yet, but we have seen the effect on the spirits of men.

Europe is not cured yet, but at least Europe is convalescing. It is no comfort to the world to have the French involved in a war in Syria, especially as it is a war so destructive to ancient monuments and remains, but it is a comfort to have France, Britain, Italy, Belgium and GERMANY put in the way of agreement. That was done at Locarno and it is a whole Christmas tree in itself.

Of course, there are drawbacks to joy. The course of the United States in its dealings with the rest of mankind is not gratifying even to all the citizens of this country, much less to Europe. When Providence laid off so many of the old Battalion of Death from their mundane and political duties, with all the inscrutability characteristic of Providential action Borah was left on the job, and Borah seems not in favor of hanging much on the world's Christmas tree except receipted bills. Of course, there are others of his mind or worse, but that is no more than the ordinary course of human events. There are always impediments to being good or doing good, and if

there were not, righteousness would turn flat to the taste, and we should doubtless be worse off than we are. How sport is to be kept alive when the devil is bound for a thousand years as the Bible forecasts is a curious query, but he is not bound yet and Borah and other survivals attest it.



AS a people we have two troubles in particular. They are both temporary. We are too rich and we are mean. At Buffalo the other day Methodist Bishop Thirkield of Chattanooga stopped talking about rum long enough to say that the United States was in peril from excessive wealth. "The burden of the world's gold," he said, "is upon us. The fact is that we are beastly rich." And that is considerably true. The farmers would not admit it, because the money flood has not overwhelmed them; but there is a money flood, at least there has been, and where it is, some effects of it are quite disagreeable, washing people out of their habits of life, sweeping them along into currents too deep for them, getting them infatuated with the idea that the chief end of life is to get money and spend it. All of that is disenchanting. All the lure of money, the yells of the people who are running to get it, the solicitations of the people who want to direct the uses of it—they are all tiresome and upsetting.

We have had to think too much about money, and too much about rum, which last has been forced upon our attention by the clamor about enforcement. However, rum, like money, is

a passing evil. Being too rich is something that usually cures itself without much outside help; being persecuted for rum's sake may be good for us in the end, and probably is. It is still disputed whether the figure of Volstead or of the bootlegger is fitter to hang on the Christmas tree, but Bootlegger is holding his own.



THE churches still keep along. They squabble a good deal, clamor a good deal over theological differences, but pass the plate regularly, contribute liberally, and are on the whole in a fairly healthy state. It would be a bold observer that would call them Christian, but they certainly like the name and try according to their lights to deserve it.

It was remarked the other day that humanity is speculating freely about the job of the churches, what it really is and whether they are on it. A clergyman wrote to inquire what the job of the churches really is. He was told that it is primarily to locate the invisible world, explore it and get a steer out of it that will help in the conduct of life. Of course that is what the churches are for, and always have been, but it is quite likely to be news to many persons who pass the plate and to not a few who stand in a pulpit, and who seem to take little thought for the invisible and what may be drawn from it, and to concentrate their efforts on the promotion of righteousness, as they see it, by legislation and compulsion. That effort, now so prevalent, to produce by fiscal and political means results that can only be compassed by spiritual means is the worst stick in our Christmas stocking. Nevertheless, just as out of the war came a deep conviction that wars could not save the world, so out of the disappointing results of the struggle for the compulsory regulation of conduct is coming a better day for the other conception which thinks of righteousness as the fruit of an inward process; the fruit, not of restrictions, nor of padlocks nor of terror, but of freedom and of love, and of the teaching and the life that Christmas stands for.

That conception is gaining in the world. Hang it on the Christmas tree along with Locarno. E. S. Martin.

· LIFE ·



"Ah, don't cry, ma, ya singin' swell."

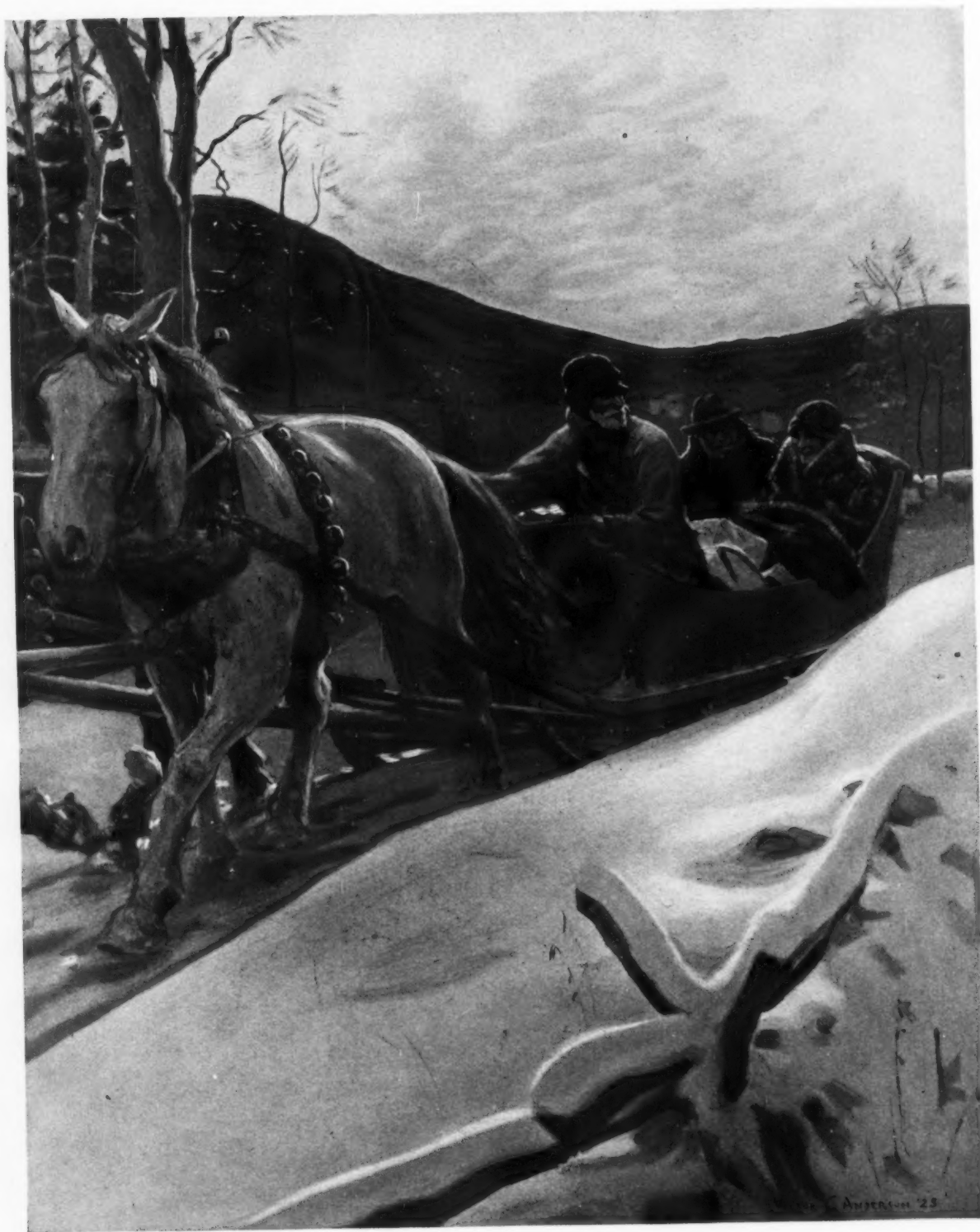


The Head of the House Is



House Is Home for the Holidays

• LIFE •



The Road to Yesterday

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Mrs. Pep's Diary



November 1st Awake betimes, but with such a feeling of exhaustion that I was loath to quit my couch, and bawled loudly for service and stimulants from those about me, whereupon my husband, poor wretch, did say, Why do you not stop at home, for a change, and cease treating every invitation you receive as though it were a court command? So, there being somewhat in his words, I did telephone Marge Boothby not to expect me at the Madison, for Lord! better a luncheon of herbs in ease and contentment than to be getting into one's raiment three or four times a day as a fire horse leaps into his harness. This is the day of all the saints, on which I do usually go to church, but my fatigue so great that I did content myself with singing as much as I could remember of Hymn 176, and then fell a-pondering on what I should give my friends for Christmas, being strongly minded this year to dispense practical, desirable benevolences, for I had liefer myself be given a jar of pickles or conserve which adds to the pleasure of a repast than a tray or door-stop of uncertain æsthetic value. Helen Meacham in to see me, full of the opera's opening on the morrow, but I cannot summon the enthusiasm which once was mine, when the clothes Melanie Kurt wore as Sieglinde fairly kept me awake at night because of their unsuitability, and I doubt if I should ever step inside the Metropolitan again were it not for Elizabeth Rethberg, her voice thrilling me more than any I have heard since the days of Emmy Destinn. Helen has a new beau, it seems, and when I did ask her to tell me about him, she elaborated upon his distinction, which made me suspicious, so I said, Come now! What is wrong with him? and she responded, Oh, well! He has all sorts of letters after his name, but I rather wish his handkerchiefs and neckties were different, if you get what I mean, which I did, perfectly. Aroused myself by evening, and forth to supper at Larry Searles's, where all sorts of rag, tag and bobtail, some of them exceedingly stupid, too, and after attending at length to discourse which did not amuse me, I have concluded that there are two things in life of which I never wish to hear again, i. e., the details of a fire, and why an account was closed at any given shop.



November 10th A-talking with my husband at this and that, I did ask him if there were anything in his life which he truly regretted, and he did respond, after some reflection, that it pained him to realize he had never had a real New Orleans silver fizz, nor was ever likely to have one. And then we spoke, more seriously, of our Cousin Elsie, who always seems to get more out of life than is actually in it, the reason therefor being that if she cannot get a thing on which she has set her heart, she stops longing for it, and convinces herself that its achievement would have made her unhappy. Does not Bernard Shaw say that those who do not get their heart's desire are better off than those who do? He does indeed, and yet I cannot, in simple candor, see how a chinchilla cloak could work me any harm....Out this morning to market, buying, through the sheer vision of the foodstuffs, more than we shall need for a week, plunging recklessly on alligator pears because their price was so much less than it is in our neighborhood, and remembering Ruth Roberts's tale of her introduction to them, how, visiting as a flapper in Honolulu, she could not get enough of them at table, and would purloin them from the console at night and eat them in her room with a shoe horn. Then to Mr. Hickman's, to see about my watch, which he tells me he can make go, thank God, and afterwards for a fitting on a gown of garnet velvet which I have ordered for evening wear, somewhat astonished to find that they had cut it down to my waist in the back, but they tell me that is the fashion now....To dinner with Ethel Grant at a Russian place called Samarkand, finding there Irvin Cobb and Laura, Hewitt and Manie Howland amongst many others, also a Mrs. Barney with the loveliest profile that ever I saw in my life, and Sam so gay that it would not have surprised me had they put him out on the pavement, yet all, including myself, much amused with his antics. ...I set down, as a matter of record, that I am probably the only woman in New York who does not use a lipstick.

Baird Leonard.



When the Last Christmas



Tree Has Been Cut Down



NORMAN LUND.

American (in a London restaurant): SAY, JONES IS MY NAME. FROM EMPORIA, KANSAS. I WONDER, NOW, IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF GETTING A LITTLE REAL BEER?

Reciprocity

"OH, look, Charles," exclaimed the author's wife, "what a beautiful Christmas present I bought for you—a lovely set of lace curtains for the dining-room!"

"I anticipated your thoughtfulness, dear," said he, "and just see what I have got for you—a cunning little portable typewriter—for my desk!"

With No Maybe

MEPHISTO: What's your reaction to my proposition, doc?

FAUST: I'm absolutely sold on it, Old Boy! Absolutely sold! Show me the dotted line.

THE Rising Young Business Woman rolls down her stockings and goes to work.



MISTLETOE IS SCARCE BECAUSE IT TAKES SO LONG TO PICK IT.

The Hall of Fame

BILLINGS dashed into my office in great excitement.

"He's elected!" he exclaimed. "Just heard it over the radio."

"Who's elected?" I inquired.

"Jones—John Paul Jones. I'm so excited I can hardly talk. I've been sitting up getting the returns—"

"What election are you talking about?" I said.

"The Hall of Fame, of course," replied Billings. "I forgot to tell you, I was on the Jones campaign committee, making speeches on the street corner—"

"He was a great admiral," I said.

"Admiral nothing," said Billings. "He was one of the greatest little quarter-milers they ever had on the cinder track. You should have seen that lad in the Intercollegiate down at Philadelphia. How that boy could run!"

"I didn't know they had athletes in the Hall of Fame," I said.

"Sure," said Billings. "Didn't Ed Poe, the Princeton halfback, make it?"

"Who else was elected?" I asked.

"Some bird named Booth. He was the Actors' Equity candidate—"

"Booth? Never heard of him."

"Neither did I," said Billings. "There used to be a Sam Booth on the Keith Circuit who did a bicycle act—"

"What did they put him in the Hall of Fame for?"

"Well, it was a swell bicycle act," said Billings. "Still, he had a hard fight. He was running against a fellow named Walt Whitman—"

"Yes, I know," I nodded. "The bird that ran for District Attorney."

"That's the lad. He couldn't quite make the grade, though. The trouble with this Hall of Fame bunch is that they don't understand politics. What they need is a campaign manager, and buttons and slogans and things."

"Why don't you take the job?"

"I'm going to," said Billings. "I'm booming a fellow named Eli Whitney—"

"I don't think I ever heard of him."

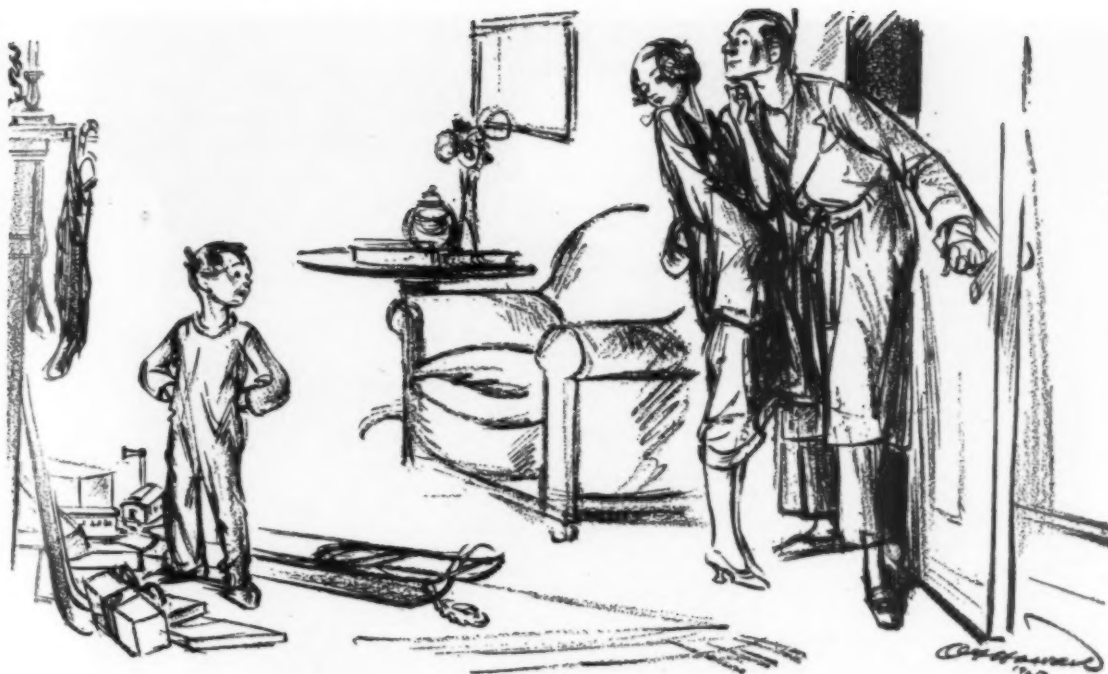
"That's because you're plain ignorant. He's the lad who invented gin."

"Is that a fact?" I said. "Then he'll certainly get my vote."

"We're going to have banners, and buttons for the kids, and everything," said Billings. "We'll probably call on you for a contribution."

"Put me down for two cases," I said.

Newman Levy.



*Advertising Man's Child (looking over his toys): AND ARE ALL THESE ARTICLES NATIONALLY
ADVERTISED, DAD?*



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT
"QUIT YOUR PUSHING OR I'LL SOAK YOU ONE IN THE JAW!"



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
"YE RIGHTE SPIRIT."





IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
"YE RIGHTE SPIRIT."



"LOOKEY, FELLERS! ALL HE GOT WAS A SUIT O' CLOTHES."



"SANTA CLAUS USET TO BLOW IN FROM DE
NORT' POLE IN A TWENTY-MULE-TEAM SLED,
BUT I'M EXPECTIN' 'IM IN A AIRPLANE DIS
YEAR."

"YE'RE CRAZY! HE BUNKS IN DE SALVATION BARRACKS!"



"I WANT OUR CHIMBLEY STRAIGHTENED OUT! SANTA COULDN'T GIT DOWN IT LAST CHRISMUS."

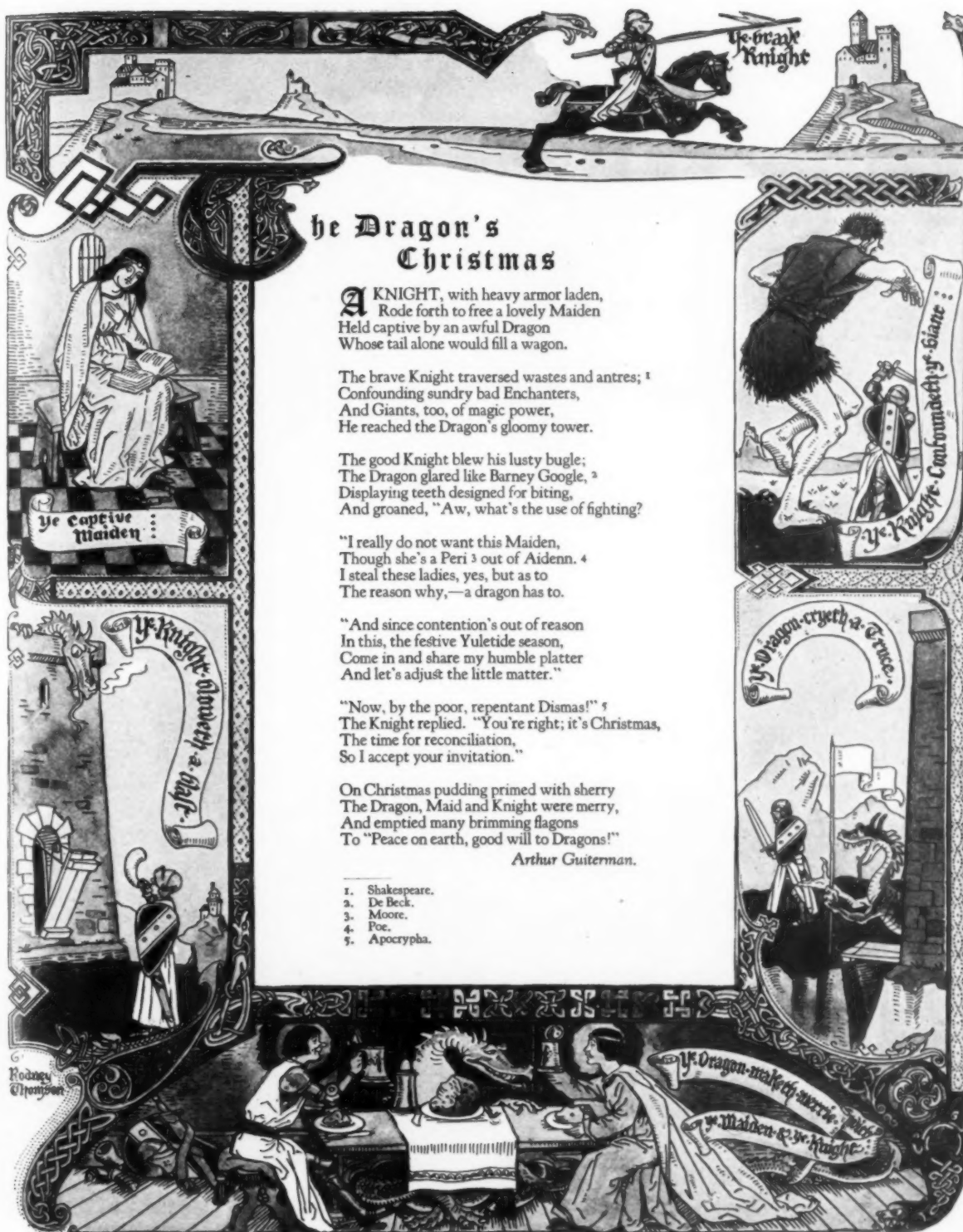
CARL
ANDERSON



"IS YOUR NEW NURSE IRISH, FRENCH OR GERMAN, FREDDIE?"
 "WELL, I THINK SHE'S BROKEN ENGLISH."



"BE SURE NOT TO DELIVER IT BEFORE CHRISTMAS MORNING, BECAUSE IT'S A PRESENT FOR FATHER. PLEASE SEND THE BILL TO K. PILKINGTON PELL, SAME ADDRESS—THAT'S MY FATHER."



The Dragon's Christmas

A KNIGHT, with heavy armor laden,
Rode forth to free a lovely Maiden
Held captive by an awful Dragon
Whose tail alone would fill a wagon.

The brave Knight traversed wastes and antres; ¹
Confounding sundry bad Enchanters,
And Giants, too, of magic power,
He reached the Dragon's gloomy tower.

The good Knight blew his lusty bugle;
The Dragon glared like Barney Google, ²
Displaying teeth designed for biting,
And groaned, "Aw, what's the use of fighting?"

"I really do not want this Maiden,
Though she's a Peri ³ out of Aidenn. ⁴
I steal these ladies, yes, but as to
The reason why,—a dragon has to.

"And since contention's out of reason
In this, the festive Yuletide season,
Come in and share my humble platter
And let's adjust the little matter."

"Now, by the poor, repentant Dismas!" ⁵
The Knight replied. "You're right; it's Christmas,
The time for reconciliation,
So I accept your invitation."

On Christmas pudding primed with sherry
The Dragon, Maid and Knight were merry,
And emptied many brimming flagons
To "Peace on earth, good will to Dragons!"

Arthur Guiterman.

1. Shakespeare.
2. De Beck.
3. Moore.
4. Poe.
5. Apocrypha.



General Chorus: OH, BUDDY, GET SOMETHING ELSE! WE CAN'T DANCE TO THAT.



Fireman: HOW DID IT CATCH? ELECTRIC WIRE?

The Wife: NO, NO. MY HUSBAND, HE IS A BARBER, AND AFTER HE TRIMMED THE TREE HE STARTED TO GIVE IT A SINGE.



"It's all right, Santa—you can come in. My parents still believe in you."



WHY SHOULD CHRISTMAS BE A PERIOD OF GRATIFICATION TO CHILDREN ONLY, AND A SEASON OF SUPPRESSED DESIRES FOR ADULTS? FOR EXAMPLE, IF GRANDPA HAS WANTED A TOY ENGINE EVERY CHRISTMAS SINCE HE WAS NINE YEARS OLD, WHY SHOULD NOT GRANDPA HAVE A TOY ENGINE, GRANDPA SIZE, WITH A WHISTLE AND EVERYTHING?



MODERN PSYCHOLOGY TEACHES US WE SHOULD ALL HAVE WHAT WE WANT WHEN WE WANT IT. WHETHER IT IS GOOD FOR US OR NOT, SO UNCLE MARK GETS A BOUNCER SWING THIS HUMANITARIAN PSYCHOLOGICAL CHRISTMAS.



THE PSYCHOANALYST WOULD TELL US THAT FATHER'S ANNUAL PROTESTS AGAINST THE CHILDREN'S DRUM-BEATING HAVE REALLY HAD THEIR ORIGIN IN A HUSHED HUNGER FOR A DRUM OF HIS OWN, SO THIS YEAR HE GETS A BIG BASS DRUM ALL TO HIMSELF—TO BOOM ALL HE PLEASES ALL OVER THE PLACE.



AUNT MARTHA HAS NEVER PASSED A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT ENTERTAINING AN ALMOST PASSIONATE UNEXPRESSED DESIRE FOR ALPHABETICAL BUILDING BLOCKS. NOW SHE CAN HAVE THEM.

A Psychological Christmas

Suppressed Yuletide Desires of Adults Finally Gratified



UNCLE FRED'S SECRET LONGING HAS BEEN FOR A TOY TAXI WITH A REAL MOTOR. THIS YEAR HE GETS IT, RIDES DOWNTOWN IN IT AND TAKES IT RIGHT UP TO THE OFFICE.



UNCLE ARTHUR WILL BE A BETTER MAN IN EVERY WAY AFTER WHOOPING AROUND THE HOUSE FOR TWO WEEKS IN THIS INDIAN SUIT HE HAS CRAVED SINCE INFANCY.



UNCLE SIMIAN (SOMETHING OF AN INVENTOR) LONG AGO CONCEIVED A WHIMSICAL WANT FOR A TRICYCLE WITH A BOOK-RACK ATTACHMENT, AND HERE IT IS, THE ENVY OF ALL THE KIDS AND ALL THE SCHOLARS IN THE BLOCK. HE CALLS IT HIS PHILOSOPPEDE.



AND MOTHER GETS A BIG, BEAUTIFUL DOLL ALL FOR HERSELF—WHICH LANCES A YEARNING THAT HAS BOILED WITHIN HER SINCE GIRLHOOD PASSED. DON'T YOU AGREE THAT IT WILL BE A FINE IDEA TO TAKE CHRISTMAS THUS OUT OF THE HANDS OF CHILDREN AT LEAST ONCE EVERY DECADE?

A Psychological Christmas

Instinctive Toy-Yearnings of Grown-Ups Relieved at Last



"OF COURSE, IT'S AWFULLY MESSY NOW, BUT THE PLACE SIMPLY HAD TO BE DONE OVER!"

An Even Deal

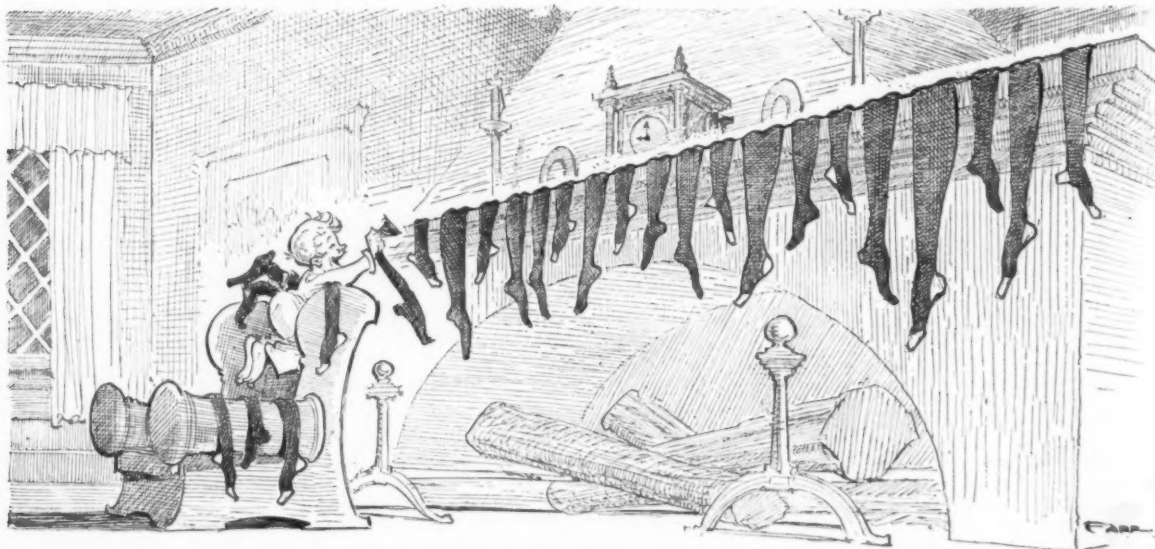
MRS. BARKER: Well, did you get many Christmas gifts?

MRS. HARPER: Yes, I got several lovely presents, and also some things from my husband's people.

"**W**E had quite a fire over at our house last night."
"Yes, my old man brought home a lump of coal, too."

The Postman's Merry Whistle

POSTMASTER-GENERAL NEW'S proclamation that there shall be no mail deliveries on Christmas Day appears generally popular, judging from the newspapers and the comment one hears. The only improvement we can suggest is that mail deliveries be also cancelled on the first of every month.



"OH, BOY! MAYBE I'M NOT GLAD MY DAD'S A STOCKING MANUFACTURER."



THE GAY NINETIES

CHRISTMAS MORNING AT JAKE'S PLACE DOWN ON THE CORNER, WHERE HOT TOM AND JERRYS WERE "ON THE HOUSE" TO OLD CUSTOMERS. THIS SESSION USUALLY LASTED UNTIL SOMEBODY'S LITTLE WILLIE ARRIVED WITH THE MESSAGE, "MAMMA SAYS PAPA IS TO COME RIGHT STRAIGHT HOME—THE TURKEY'S ON THE TABLE."

The Eleventh Hour

IN his dingy hall-bedroom the humorist lay starving. For sheer lack of inspiration he had written no jokes for months, and he had long since spent the money he had made on Calvin Coolidge's taciturnity and Henry Ford's terpsichorean ventures.

Suddenly his landlady—who from similar crises in the past was completely aware of his predicament—burst into the room, ecstatically waving a newspaper extra.

The humorist raised himself on one elbow and gave a glance at the headlines.

"Saved!" he gasped weakly, and fainted.

The Prince of Wales had fallen off his horse again.

FAIRY STORY—Once a young married man invited friends to a turkey dinner and said he would carve the bird himself, which he did very neatly.



· LIFE ·

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

By Robert Benchley

More or Less Serious

Accused. *Belasco*—The heart of a lawyer laid bare in the form of a brief. E. H. Sothern as the tormented advocate.

Adam Solitaire. *Provincetown* — Crazy.

The Carolinian. *Sam H. Harris*—Sidney Blackmer as Sabatini's noble hero of the Revolution. Very costumey.

Craig's Wife. *Morosco* — The woman who took no chances, played superbly by Chrystal Herne in what is for two acts the best-written play in town.

The Enemy. *Times Square*—Fay Bainter in a probably necessarily obvious argument against war.

The Glass Slipper. *Guild*—A beautifully pathetic little story of a Cinderella whose modest dream came true. June Walker's playing alone would make it worth seeing.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst* — Highly scented sex, made bearable by Katharine Cornell and an excellent cast.

Hamlet. *Hampden's*—The regulation costumes, in which are Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore.

Hamlet. *Booth*—In modern dress. The most thrilling and lucid Shakespeare we have ever seen. Basil Sidney as the Prince in tuxedo. To be enthusiastically reviewed next week.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—George Jessel as a Jewish boy with a Big Problem, settled not without reference to sentimentality.

The Joker. *Maxine Elliott's*—To be reviewed later.

The Last Night of Don Juan. *Greenwich Village* — Last week of Rostand's delicate drama, attractively mounted and indifferently done.

A Man's Man. *Fifty-Second St.*—A tense and well-acted drama of tough luck and a trusting nature.

The Master Builder. *Maxine Elliott's*—Tuesday and Thursday matinees. Eva Le Gallienne in Ibsen.

Moral. *Comedy*—To be reviewed later.

Stolen Fruit. *Eltinge* — Mother Love in great distress. Ann Harding as the beautiful young mother.

The Vortex. *Henry Miller's*—Noel Coward's absorbing tale of the sensational doings of disagreeable people.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—*Frühlingserwachen* in an English boarding school, with a memorable performance by Glenn Hunter.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Opening cold in New York for what looks like a run. (Please turn to page 62)

Books

By Baird Leonard

When We Were Very Young. By A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). The famous rhymes have been specially boxed for the Christmas trade. Rumor has it that the first edition, dated only last year, is now worth a lot of money.

Firecrackers. By Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). The last word in sophisticated fiction, wherein the lovely *Campaspe Lorillard* loses her head—just a little.

The Perennial Bachelor. By Anne Parrish (*Harper*). The sacrifice of four women to one man, told with humor and sympathy against a colorful American background.

Possession. By Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). The second panel in the author's projected survey of our national scene, in which most of the characters again get to Paris.

The Professor's House. By Willa Cather (*Knopf*). The sorry uses of prosperity in one academic household.

Bigger and Better. By Don Herold (*Dutton*). Breezy papers which should compensate many of us for the time we spent in learning to read.

Drums. By James Boyd (*Scribner*). An historical novel of Revolutionary days which has become a best seller.

The Office. By Nathan Asch (*Harcourt, Brace*). Interesting individual reactions of partners and employees when a typical brokerage firm in Wall Street fails.

A Lifetime with Mark Twain. By Mary Lawton (*Harcourt, Brace*). What Kate Leary, for thirty years a servant in the Clemens household, remembers.

The Last Fifty Years in New York. By Henry Collins Brown. The tenth volume of *Valentine's Manual*, with fascinating text and pictures.

Steamboat Days. By Fred Erving Dayton (*Stokes*). The story of navigation in America, with notable illustrations by John Wolcott Adams.

The Green Arch. By Claude Washburn (*The Bonis*). The extraordinary adventures of a young man who rode through a gate of rhododendrons.

Hand-Reading To-day. By Ethel Watts Mumford (*Stokes*). New and interesting angles on an old science.

Paris on Parade. By Robert Forrest Wilson (*Bobbs-Merrill*). If you should ever travel!

Mr. Guelpa. By Vance Thompson (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The famous French detective solves a baffling mystery in America.

The Flying Carpet. (*Scribner*). Good news for boys and girls from such contributors as Barrie, Milne, De la Mare, Hardy and Chesterton.

Silent Drama

By R. E. Sherwood

Classified. *First National*—Corinne Griffith as a virtuous gold-digger—moderately entertaining but utterly phony.

Seven Keys to Baldpate. *Paramount*—George Cohan's trick comedy isn't nearly so good as it should be on the screen, although Douglas MacLean does his best.

Lights of Old Broadway. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Marion Davies returns to little old New York, but the results this time are not so happy.

Go West. *Metro-Goldwyn* — A brown-eyed cow and Buster Keaton in a whimsical and satisfactory comedy.

Compromise. *Warner Bros.*—One of these days the jazz-mad younger generation is going to grow up, and then what will the movies do for plots?

The King on Main Street. *Paramount*—Adolphe Menjou at home in a thoroughly delightful rôle.

The Dark Angel. *First National*—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky play a soft duet on the heartstrings.

The Best People. *Paramount*—A tirade against social hypocrisy, not quite as good as new.

Fine Clothes. *First National*—There are no thrills in this, but there is plenty of good acting and direction.

Flower of Night. *Paramount*—The combined talents of Joseph Hergesheimer and Pola Negri produced this ridiculously bad picture.

A Regular Fellow. *Paramount*—Raymond Griffith as a thinly disguised Prince of Wales in an uproarious farce.

Little Annie Rooney. *United Artists*—This being the Christmas Number, I may as well confess that Mary Pickford's performance irritated me beyond words.

The Man on the Box. *Warner Bros.*—Not what you might call subtle, but Syd Chaplin is funny none the less.

The Phantom of the Opera. *Universal*—A great deal of expensive scenery, across which flits the ominous shadow of Lon Chaney.

The Freshman. *Pathé* —There is a football game at the conclusion of this Harold Lloyd comedy which atones for many dreary moments at the start.

Don Q, The Gold Rush (*United Artists*), and **The Merry Widow** (*Metro-Goldwyn*)—The best holiday entertainment I can think of.





The turkey for the Cratchits
—from Dickens
"A Christmas Carol"



If Bob and Tiny Tim Were Here Today—

WOULD Scrooge send the Cratchits a Christmas turkey? Not a bit of it—it wouldn't be good enough. Only a radio set would do, and a Synchronphase at that. For nothing was too good for Scrooge to give after the Spirit of Christmas had gotten through with him.

Do you need such a nightmare as old Ebenezer went through, or will you reform at once and side-step all ghosts by giving the best Christmas present you can buy?

Without question *that* is a Synchronphase. Exclusive features—such as the "Colortone", Binocular Coils and Low-Wave Extension Circuits, which make possible such unexcelled reception—justify this reasoning.

So buy a Synchronphase and sleep soundly.

*Ask your dealer to prove that you couldn't
give or receive a better Christmas present*

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stations WAHG and WBOQ

The GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



All Grebe apparatus is
covered by patents
granted and pending.



It is written:

"The pleasure of
giving is the only
one that will not
wear out."

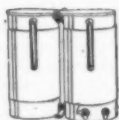
If the gift be a Syn-
chrophase, then the
pleasure of both
giver and he who re-
ceives is unlimited.

Doctor M.

**Grebe
"Colortone"**
gives you con-
trol of the qual-
ity of sound ir-
respective of the
loud speaker's
characteristics.

**Grebe
Binocular
Coils**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
provide that
selective sen-
sitivity" so es-
sential to good
reception.



**Low-Wave
Extension Circuits**

enable you to tune in over 100
stations not reached by other
receivers.



Gentleman Bill

A spinster living in a London suburb was shocked at the language used by workmen repairing telegraph wires close to her house. She wrote to the company, and the foreman was asked to report. This he did in the following way:

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job. I was up the telegraph pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall upon Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said: 'You really must be more careful, Harry.'"—*London Daily Express*.

Our Swift Age

By this time, last spring's sweet girl graduate has been the débutante, fiancée, June bride, honeymooner, young housewife, pretty complainant sojourning at Reno, attractive divorcee and "that dangerous woman."—*Clearwater Herald*.

"Miss Denze, allow me to present Professor Bright."

"Oh, professor, please do something absent-minded!"—*Notre Dame Juggler*.



WAR AND PEACE

THE TOUR OF THE NEW BATTLEFIELD.

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

Even Your Best Friends—

O. O. McIntyre says that the toughest break he ever heard of any one's getting came to an acquaintance of his.

"This fellow," quoth Mr. McIntyre, "thought that he had discovered through reading a widely circulated series of full-page advertisements why he was unpopular. So he took the treatment recommended, and finally achieved a complete cure as promised by the ads. But it was no use: he found out that he was just naturally unpopular anyhow."

—*D. A. C. News*.

That Mufti Shakespeare

PUZZLED PLAYGOER (at a performance of "Macbeth" in modern dress): I say, who's the guy on the left—is that Macbeth or the stage-manager?

—*Windsor Magazine (London)*.

THE demand for sealskin coats made of rabbit skins is so great at the moment that artificial artificial sealskin coats are being made of sealskin.—*Punch*.

"She's dieting, isn't she?"

"Purely for conversational purposes."—*Toronto Telegram*.

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The Van Heusen has style and comfort woven into it. Not stitched and starched and ironed into it. It is the World's smartest, most comfortable, most economical collar.

12 STYLES
50 CENTS EACH
Phillips-Jones, New York

VAN HEUSEN
Patented
World's Smartest COLLAR

CHRISTMAS CANDIES
From
Dean's

HOLIDAY time is feasting time—and into the lavish company of fruit and puddings, and nuts and cakes, the rich flavours of Dean's Candies bring the note of delicious perfection. With Chocolates, Bon Bons, Fudges and a wide variety of special kinds, there are sweets for every preference—and in particular, the old-fashioned varieties for filling Christmas stockings.

We ship anywhere. Postage prepaid east of the Mississippi on orders of \$3.00 and over.

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ESTABLISHED 86 YEARS

LUMBERING— A FISHER INDUSTRY

Its own hardwood timber tracts, and large logging and saw mill operations, assure Fisher an adequate lumber supply of the high Fisher quality, at low cost.

In a single year Fisher uses, in hardwood alone, lumber footage sufficient for the construction of 10,000 seven-room houses—close to 270,000,000 feet.

Fisher requires this enormous quantity of hardwood not only because of its large production, but also because *all of the lumber used in Fisher bodies is hardwood.*



FISHER BODIES



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Cruises Supreme
on the Specially Chartered
**Cunarder
"FRANCONIA"**
The World's Pre-eminent
Cruising Ship

from New York
Jan. 14
Returning May 26, 1926

The supreme event of a lifetime achieving the grand circuit in 133 days, sailing eastward in the path of spring. No crowding, no confusion. Most comprehensive itinerary. Our own offices with their special facilities all along the route.

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to the MEDITERRANEAN
On the White Star "Ship of Splendor"
"HOMERIC"
from New York Jan. 23, 1926
14,000 MILES—67 DAYS

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Song of Lunacy

It's time for joy and singing,
For standing on your head;
Oh, set the church bells ringing!
Oh, paint the pavements red!
Come dance a tripping measure
From Cambridge to Bagdad:
The time is ripe
For talking tripe,
For yesterday the World went mad.

It's time for breaking bottles,
And time to dig up drains,
To ope a thousand throttles,
And wreck a thousand trains:
It's time for killing misers
And all whose looks are sad:
The hour has come
To make things hum,
For yesterday the World went mad.

Let's slay the college porter,
And steal the college plate;
A thousand gyps let's slaughter
And stow them in a crate.
I'll eat a pound of pepper
To shew that I'm a lad:
They tell me that
I'm off my hat—
But yesterday the World went mad.
—H. G. G. H., in Cambridge Granta.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Rich Relations

Somehow it seems that rich uncles and aunts are more inclined to live in the past than any other class of people. There always is something so old-fashioned about the size of their gifts. They never seem to get away from the idea that you will be satisfied with amounts of money that would have brought joy to their hearts when they were your age. A rich old aunt who almost worships you may present you with \$5 to buy something nice for yourself, and a rich uncle thinks he is helping you out wonderfully when he gives you a sum that hardly will pay for one casing. It is such a pity these good relatives can't understand that times have changed and that they should make their assistance more modern.

—Claude Callan, in Milwaukee Journal.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"Adults Only"

BOX-OFFICE ATTENDANT (at revue): I'm sorry, madam, but I'm afraid you can't take your little dog in with you.

THE LADY WITH THE DOG: Don't be so ridiculous. Why, Tootsy's over five, and has had quite a big family!

—Passing Show (London).

A RECENT gleaning from a London school: "Dialect is the language we speak with our pals."—London News.

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THE SPANISH JADE by Maurice Hewlett
THE DUEL by Joseph Conrad
THE TOUCHSTONE by Edith Wharton
NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE by Rex Beach
UNEDUCATING MARY by Kathleen Norris
CAPTAIN WARDLAW'S KITBAGS by Harold McGrath
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Fougere Royale



HOUBICANT

PARIS

NEW YORK
CHICAGO

CLEVELAND
MONTREAL

Confidential Drama Guide

(Continued from page 56)

American Born. *Hudson*—A comedy of Yankee superiority, with George Cohan to make it worth anything at all.

Androcles and the Lion. *Klaw*—With "A Man of Destiny." To be reviewed later.

Antonia. *Empire*—Marjorie Rambeau carrying along a play of Budapest fun-making.

Applesauce. *Ambassador*—Courtship and marriage subjected to the customary pleasantries.

Arms and the Man. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Shaw at his mildest, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt helping out tremendously.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre*—Broadway talk which ought to amuse everybody, especially as Gregory Kelly is in it.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Pretty disgusting, we call it. We are in the minority, however.

Easy Come, Easy Go. *Cohan's*—Farce that is funny without being in the least possible. Otto Kruger and Victor Moore share the laughs.

The Gorilla. *National*—You can't find melodrama much more burlesqued than this.

In a Garden. *Plymouth*—To be reviewed next week.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—Tough conversation which is extremely funny.

The Kiss in the Taxi. *Bijou*—Arthur Byron making a French farce more entertaining than you would have believed possible.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—To be reviewed next week.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—Pretty safe to recommend without reservation, especially as played by Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews.

A Man of Destiny. *Klaw*—To be reviewed later.

Naughty Cinderella. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed later.

Outside Looking In. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Hoboes in the home-life, and very good, too.

The Poor Nut. *Forty-Eighth St.*—There is no reason why this college comedy shouldn't last this season out, too.

The School for Scandal. *Little*—You remember.

Solid Ivory. *Central*—To be reviewed later.

These Charming People. *Gaiety*—Lots of epigrams which Cyril Maude and Edna Best make amusing.

Twelve Miles Out. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed later.

Young Blood. *Ritz*—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Ph'l Baker and the Hoffmann Girls making the Winter Garden's best show.

Big Boy. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Al Jolson's last week. Hurry up.

Captain Jinks. *Martin Beck*—Ada May and Joe Brown in a satisfactory evening.

Charlot's Revue. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed later.

The City Chap. *Liberty*—Good stuff, with Richard Gallagher.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker*—Helen Ford and Charles Purcell in a very pretty show.

Florida Girl. *Lyric*—To be reviewed later.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—If you want clever satire and nice music you can't beat this.

Gay Paree. *Shubert*—Chic Sale.

Kosher Kitty Kelly. *Daly's*—"Abie's Irish Rose" with music.

Louie the 14th. *Cosmopolitan*—Leon Errol at his funniest in an elaborate show.

Mayflowers. *Forrest*—To be reviewed later.

Merry, Merry. *Vanderbilt*—Nice.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—Don't pretend you don't know about this.

Princess Flavia. *Century*—The like of which you haven't heard since comic opera was comic opera.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—You tell us.

The Student Prince. *Jolson*—Singing that should be heard.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and dozens of other stars in a big evening.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—The real thing.

Vanities of 1925. *Earl Carroll*—Julius Tannen and more girls than you would think possible.

Books from LIFE

LIFE always points with pride to the works of its contributors which appear in book form every year. We are therefore pleased to present the following current publications:

CARTOONS FROM LIFE, by Ellison Hoover, with an introduction by Robert Benchley. A collection of Hoover's gayest work, including the American Generals of Industry Series and the Impressions of Places by One Who Has Never Been There. (Simon & Schuster.)

THREE ROUSING CHEERS, by Corey Ford, illustrated by Gluyas Williams. The adventures and pranks of those three fun-loving youngsters, Tom, Dick, and Harry (The Rollo Boys). (Doran.)

PLUCK AND LUCK, by Robert Benchley, illustrated by Gluyas Williams. A companion volume to "Of All Things," and "Love Conquers All," in which Benchley again emerges as the truest and most consistent wit of our time. (Henry Holt.)

SKIPPY, by Percy L. Crosby. The newest adventures of America's favorite son, with a great many of Crosby's smaller drawings and several pages in color. (Greenberg.)

BIGGER AND BETTER, by Don Herold. A wide variety of subjects discussed, in pictures and in prose, by Herold in the naive but uncannily observant style that is exclusively his own. (Dutton.)

Any or all of these books may be ordered through *LIFE* via the coupon below. We need hardly add that they are heartily recommended to our readers as Christmas gifts or as prized personal possessions.

LIFE

598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the following, for which I enclose.....

- ☐ Cartoons from LIFE, by Ellison Hoover. (\$1.50)
- ☐ Three Rousing Cheers, by Corey Ford. (\$2.00)
- ☐ Pluck and Luck, by Robert Benchley. (\$2.00)
- ☐ Skippy, by Percy Crosby. (\$2.00)
- ☐ Bigger and Better, by Don Herold. (\$2.00)

(Check book or books desired.)

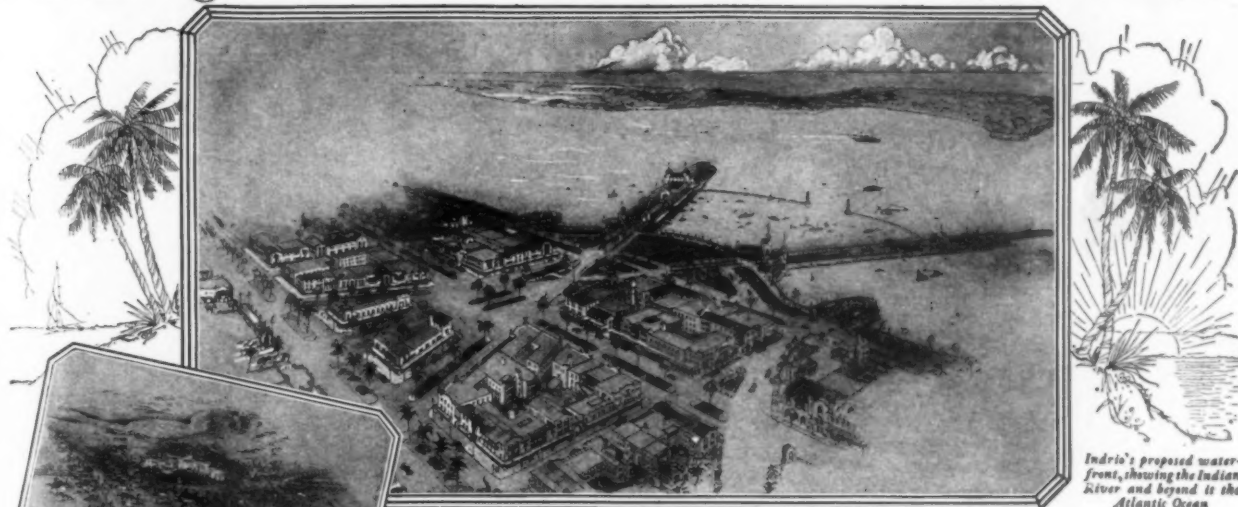
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Introducing

INDRIO

Florida



Indrio's proposed water-front, showing the Indian River and beyond it the Atlantic Ocean

WHICH MAN AND NATURE WILL COMBINE TO MAKE

America's Most Beautiful Home Town

PICTURE a pine and palm clad slope on Florida's sun-drenched East Coast—just 60 miles north of Palm Beach on the Dixie Highway and Florida East Coast Railway. From its crest one looks down on the lovely Indian River, a stretch of shimmering sea water separated from the Atlantic Ocean only by a narrow strip of tropical jungle land.

Game fish abound in these nearby waters and wild fowl are plentiful in season. Sandy beaches and a rolling surf bring joy to the heart of the bather. In summer cool breezes sweep in from the sea, while winter days are made balmy by the genial

Gulf Stream. (Such is the setting of Indrio, destined to become America's most beautiful home town. Here midst the splendor of Florida sky and verdure, is being planned a residential community to charm the most critical eye.

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Already parks, plazas and boulevards are being laid out with an unrestrained hand. These latter range from 100 to 200 feet in width, and will be generously planted with huge fronded palms.

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Indrio's proposed improvements include a million dollar hotel, bathing casino, pleasure and boat piers, yacht harbor, tennis and roque courts, bridle paths, and an 18-hole golf course.

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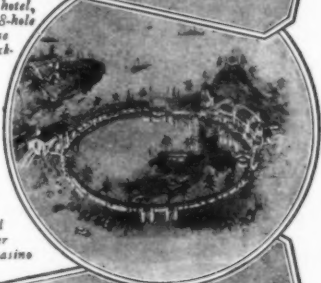
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The proposed hotel, with an 18-hole golf course in the background



The Oval Basin, Indrio's proposed salt water bathing casino



A suggested apartment building between the business and residential sections



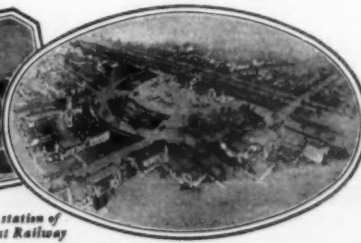
A suggested Indrio home of Mediterranean architecture



One of the numerous plazas which will add to the beauty of Indrio



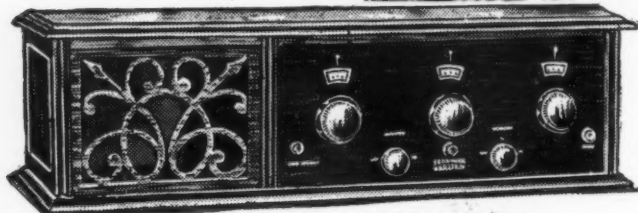
Suggested treatment of a business street in Indrio



The proposed Indrio station of the Florida East Coast Railway

\$60

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The Wonder-Set with Built-in Loudspeaker

New and Improved **FRESHMAN MASTERPIECE**

A five tube tuned radio frequency receiver encased in as heavy a genuine five-ply mahogany cabinet as ever graced any radio set.

Equipped with the new Freshman straight line wave-length condenser with vernier adjustment, permitting you to tune in the station you want, without interference, over the entire broadcasting range.

For Sale by Authorized FRESHMAN Dealers only, who also install and service them.

Write for 24-page illustrated booklet full of useful information for all radio fans.

CHAS. FRESHMAN CO., INC.

Freshman Building, New York
2626 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago

Prices slightly higher in Denver and West and Canada

A Ghost Story

(Continued from page 21)

she been thinking about? What had he—David—been thinking about? Chinks jabbering in their laundry. Chinks jabbering out in front of their laundry. The War. The Red Cross. The Fifth Liberty Loan. Was he—David—afraid? Was he—or was she—jealous of her? Not by a damn sight. Well, he and Irma had certainly messed things up. And he smiled to himself. Would the ghost know? Would she understand what Irma hadn't understood? What Marian hadn't understood? What Edith—downstairs sleeping this very minute with her right arm stretched out behind her—wasn't understanding? How come?

6.

IT was Spring outside and the warm breeze over the lilac bushes carried the smell of Ernest Tamson's tannery to David. Did the ghost smell it too? "Come in." David was out of bed now, standing beside the ghost. She was a woman all right. And David was a man. God's man. Flames in her eyes—deep red flames—deep blue flames. The old oaken bucket. The iron-bound bucket. The moss-covered bucket. Heigh-ho! Old Black Joe!

David was packing his grip. His two military brushes. One male. The other female. Male and female created He them. Why be ashamed of it? The ghost was looking at David with a queer look in her eyes. She knows what's what, old man. Sure thing. She wants me to go with her. Why not? Male and female created He them. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. "And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, I was seeing Nelly home."

7.

DAVID PERK and the girl ghost were leaving the house. He felt her close to him. It was! It wasn't! It was! He knew that she was thinking the long, long thoughts of a woman. And he—David—was thinking the long, long thoughts of a man. They were across Nalbro Harris' backyard now. Now they were on the train for Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. David Perk. And back in the gray house Edith was sleeping with her right arm stretched out behind her and her left hand under her cheek. On her right side. Well, toodle-oo!

The Tobacco Cure

"I WISH I could make my husband quit smoking in the house."

"Why don't you buy him a smoking jacket?"

THE stories emanating from Florida are stranger than both truth and fiction.



A Gibson Girl
of 1825

C. E. Wilson



A Gibson Girl
of 1925

IPSWICH hosiery was as much in fashion a century ago as it is today.

Miss 1825 with her daisy-sweeping skirts had, perhaps, more of a secret satisfaction in knowing that her stockings were Ipswich made. The girl of today has the good sense to share her satisfaction with the world. And she pays only a dollar for Ipswich stockings of finer silk, and more perfectly fitted, than her great-great-grandmother ever had even for "best."

IPSWICH *De Luxe* HOSIERY

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*Fashions in Fragrance — Our colorful little book, describes
Fleurs d'Amour, Le Judo, and many other of our favored
Parisian specialties — Complimentary on request*



A Cynic's Christmas Carol

WHEN I was young and innocent
And not (they say) so very bright,
To me the Yuletide season meant
Just seven days of sheer delight.

My childish treble trembled high
With "Santa Claus will soon be
here!"
And warbled on to testify
That "Only once he comes a year!"

"To give's more blessèd," read my
card
From Sunday school, "than to re-
ceive,"
A statement which was pretty hard
For little Bairdie to believe.

Because on Christmas morn I'd quit
My cradle at the crack of day
And several hours thereafter sit
Grabbing whatever came my way,

Which, as a rule, was rather good—
Beads, blackboards, doll trunks,
candy, fruit,
Gold pieces, games, books, blocks of
wood,
And so forth. And I loved the loot,

For which I'd made no more return
Than spool lace or chained paper
rings,
Which kindergarten pupils learn
To make, poor helpless little things!

My elders, though, were tickled pink.
Judging from their ecstatic hollers,
The casual auditor would think
I'd given each a million dollars.

Well, that was several years ago.
I'm listed now with the adults,
For whom the Yuletide doesn't show
The same percentage and results.

They shop and spend their hard-earned
cash
For things they really want them-
selves,
And trade them for a lot of trash
Which clutters up the closet shelves.

The scales have fallen from my eyes.
At last it's crystal clear to me
Why Wordsworth said that Heaven lies
About us in our infancy.

Oh, would I were a child again
In all my erstwhile innocence,
When peace on earth, good will to men
Meant little work and no expense!

"Oh, Santa Claus will soon be here!"
(My treble now is somewhat flat.)
To "Only once he comes a year,"
Parenthesize, "Thank God for that!"
Baird Leonard.

JUDGE: And then what happened?
RASTUS: After dat, beggin' yo'
pardon, dey was occurrences.

A Gift that Inspires Gratitude

for Father or Mother
for Son or Daughter
for Teacher or Pastor
for Dearest Friend

THIS Christmas
Portable may be
had in our handsome
Christmas package
without extra charge.
For sale by over 5,000
dealers and Reming-
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MEN—Stop Falling Hair!

GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Send for "GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on Scalp and Hair." It will show you practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

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GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE

As
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Mother Love in Modern Guise
MOTHER love, who can sound its depths? The mother will deny herself food that her child may not be hungry; she will go scantily clad that her daughter may not eclipse her.

HE: Did you see that tackle?
SHE: Yes, wasn't I supposed to?

WASHINGTON JEWELRY CO. Boston, Mass.

XMAS GIFT for MEN A Gift of Lifetime Pleasure



A GIFT every man will treasure. They broaden one's field of vision. Open up new worlds. Make objects miles away visible. They multiply by 8 the grandeur of nature. Bring people, views, scenes, games of ACTION right to one's feet. Double the joy of sports: hiking, hunting, races, mooring, camping, yachting, baseball, football games, bird and nature study, etc. An all-year round pleasure-giving GIFT.

10 Days' FREE Trial. Send NO Money!

WE received limited quantity GENUINE Imported French and German Army Officers' Binoculars. 8-Power Achromatic lenses. *Premiere Qualite*—Genuine Prisms of remarkable light-gathering, light-transmitting properties. Central focusing, easily adjusted to any eyesight. Beautifully finished, superbly constructed. Prisms in each barrel permit of great field of vision, many times the area of Field Glasses. We have supplied hundreds of them to U. S. Army and Navy Officers. Such powerful Binoculars usually sell for \$40.00 to \$50. Our price (while they last) complete with genuine leather case and carrying straps **\$21**. **SEND NO MONEY! NOTHING to Pay Postman!** See them! Examine them! Try them for 10 days. If satisfied, after 10 DAYS' TRIAL, you may pay on our Charge Account Plan at rate of

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Discount and send check or money order for **\$19.50**

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Please write PLAINLY! Tear this coupon out NOW!
If you wish to tell us something about power, it will be appreciated. Life 12-3-35

We Bow

"I LOVE to see a man smoke a pipe."—Billie Burke, in an advertisement.

Which instance of unsophisticated appreciation rather prepares us, in a way, to expect the following:

"I love to see a man blow out his cheeks while shaving."—Ann Pennington.

"I love to see a man start a furnace fire."—Marilyn Miller.

"I love to see a man saw down a big tree."—Fannie Brice.

"I love to see a man board a moving train."—Peggy Wood.

"I love to see a man paint a house."—Irene Bordoni.

"I love to see a man blow the tuba."—Julia Sanderson.

"I love to see a man turn flapjacks."—Florence Mills.

E. J. K.

The Premature Birth of Magazines

WE have already set back our watches; it will pretty soon be time to set back our magazines. They have picked up about thirty days on the rest of the world now, and are still gaining. The practice of daylight saving is more than likely responsible for it. And it is perfectly all right, when you get used to it; language is an arbitrary thing anyway, and there is no reason why the December issue of a magazine should not be called the January issue if we like it. There is a justification for it, too, in the fact that the only way to keep up with the times is to keep ahead of them.

But isn't it asking a little too much of the modern memory? You take LIFE, for example: here is its Christmas number so far ahead of Christmas that some middle-Western school-mistress is practically certain to write in about the twenty-eighth of December suggesting that next year it would be nice if LIFE could get up a sort of special number in celebration of Christmas.

But the question is, what shall be done about the situation? It would not do to let the world catch up by issuing two numbers, both called, for instance, January; and it would not do to stop the magazine for a month as we would stop a clock. The easiest way, I suppose, is to let them go for two or three years more until they have made the complete circuit and issue the January, 1929, number in January, 1928; then the error may be corrected by simply reducing the final figure of the date.

Berry Fleming.

THE apex of fastidiousness will have been realized when a candidate for the announcer's job at a radio broadcasting station is turned down because he is not the type.

For Tough Beards or

Tender Skins

YOU will find relief and comfort in a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It rapidly softens the toughest beard and prevents shaving irritation. Its exclusive properties soothe and cool the skin and heal troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin soft, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send 2c. stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

2138 Tenth St.,
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Also Windsor, Canada

Made particularly
for tender skins



Nubbville Spark

THE newcomer at the poorhouse is havin' a hard time gettin' into conversations, as he doesn't even know one car from another.

For CHRISTMAS—a good



FOX-TERRIER

Wonderful watch-dogs and pals. We have smooth or wire-haired puppies and grown dogs for sale. Write the famous

Pride's Hill Kennels, Pride's Crossing, Mass.

If You Want to Dry Your Tears, Use

MAJOR'S CEMENT



IS GOOD

For repairing china, glassware, brick - a - brace, meerschaum; tipping billiard cues. 25c per bottle. Rubber and Leather Cements, 20c per bottle at dealers or 461 Pearl Street, New York City.



Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

**Safe
Milk
and Diet**

For **INFANTS,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers, etc.**
Avoid Imitations



"Dear me! What can I give John for Christmas?" exclaimed Sally.

"Does he shave himself?" asked Phil.

"Yes, and how he hates it."

"That's fine," said Phil, "for I know something you can give him which will make his shaving a joy."

"Really! I'm consumed with curiosity."

"Give him a Twinplex Stroppler," suggested Phil.

"I don't believe he would use it. I've heard John say he wouldn't bother to strop his blades, new blades are so cheap."

"He won't say that after he has had one shave with a new blade stropped on Twinplex," insisted Phil.

"Does Twinplex really improve a new blade?" asked Sally.

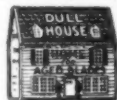
"I should say it does. I never knew what a good shave was until I shaved with a new blade which had been stropped on Twinplex," said Phil emphatically.

"Will a Twinplex make a blade last longer?" asked Sally.

"You bet it will," Phil ejaculated. "Why, I use one blade for weeks at a time."

"How jolly," exclaimed Sally, "I'll give John a Twinplex and it won't cost anything, for he won't have to buy so many blades."

You can get a Twinplex for him at any good store. Models for seven popular razors.



Send for this unique Home for Old Blades

Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send loc., name your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.

For fifteen years Twinplex Stropplers have been sold on approval at leading stores all over the world. Ask your dealer for one.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.

1722 Locust St., St. Louis

New York Montreal London Chicago



Twinplex Stroppler
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

The Beautiful Snow

(Remarks of Mr. Biddle on the subject of its removal from the sidewalk.)

NOVEMBER 24—"Well, well, well!

By George, it's a real snow! Better get at the walks, I guess. Mother! Mother! Where's the snow shovel? Too hard for me? Nonsense! The exercise will do me good. Ha! Ha! Ha! Watch it melt away now!"

December 1—"Snowing? Oh, is it? Yes, I'll clean 'em, but what's the hurry? Oh, all right, I'm going. You make a lot of fuss over a little snow. Yes, I'm going."

December 19—"Well, dawggonit, I don't care if it is six inches deep, it's still snowing. What's the use of cleaning the sidewalks when it's still snowing? That's ridiculous! Oh, all right, all right! Have it your own way. ...Guess it'll be all right if I just make a narrow path. No use trying to get it all off at once."

December 28—"Snowing again! Well, let Willie clean off the walks. Do him good. Willie! Willie! Too young, nothing! He's big enough. Besides, a man of my age ought to be careful about doing heavy work like that....All right, where's the shovel? ...Well, can you beat that for nerve? —Ed. Freeman quitting three feet short of the boundary line. I'll be danged if I'll do it for him!"

January 21—"Two feet deep! Well, let the city clean 'em! I'm not going to. No, I'm not, and that's all there is to it! Let Willie do 'em. Thirteen years old and can't shovel a little bit of snow! Well, by golly, I—say, there's a fellow with a shovel going down the street. Yell at him! Hey! Hey! I'll give you a dollar to clean the sidewalks! Yeah, and come around every time it snows....Now let it snow!"

John C. Emery.

It's a Safe Bet

AS the day drew to a close, ten persons in the Gigantic Trust Company Building were writing their New Year resolutions. They were the president of the company that owned the building and a dozen like it, an elevator man, a stenographer, a book-keeper, a window washer, a barber, a scrub-woman, the cigar-stand man, an office boy, and an author who rented an office in the building. They had all drawn up lists and were looking over their pledges to themselves. Finally, each crossed out every resolution except one and decided to concentrate. And the one they all left read:

"I resolve to write a play in 1926."

McC. H.

HUGH: Are you the girl I kissed between dances?

IRENE: Which dances?

THE REDDY TEE



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

REDDY TEES

Being made from **ONE PIECE** of selected birch, give you the best service a tee can give. They won't break off, slump down, or disintegrate with use or from dampness. They last until you lose them—and are hard to lose!

You know you can **DEPEND** on a REDDY Tee. You can forget it, and concentrate your mind and eye on the ball.

REDDY Tees give you cleaner, longer drives; they help keep your nerves steady, and your hands and knickers clean.

Be sure to ask for REDDY Tees. Your "pro" has them. Yellow or red. Eighteen in a handy box—twenty-five cents.



For the Golfer's Christmas

Send \$1 for four packages of REDDY Tees packed in a handy and handsome leather case—a gift your golfer friend will really appreciate.

THE NIEBLO MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
THIRTY-EIGHT EAST TWENTY-THIRD STREET
New York

MAURETANIA
sails to **EGYPT**
and the Mediterranean
from New York Feb. 17, 1926

A fascinating Winter Cruise offering an unusually distinctive opportunity to all who intend to visit Mediterranean points, Egypt and the Holy Land next season.

Travelling on this great, world-renowned Cunarder, you are assured of the right kind of environment plus the acme of comfort, luxury and service.

The Mauretania will call at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche (French Riviera), Naples, Athens, Haifa (Holy Land), Alexandria, etc. Many interesting and attractive shore excursions. Round-trip tickets via North Atlantic.

Requests for detailed information and literature are cordially invited.

CUNARD
and **ANCHOR** Lines
25 Broadway, New York or Branches and Agencies

You'd
Be
Surprised—



He Started on a Shoe-string

AT the ever-increasing demand for

LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR

our annual tribute to the faithful, from Towser to Balto. The 1926 edition (*Now on Sale*) contains some marvelous color reproductions of the work of such eminent artists and dog lovers as R. L. Dickey, Warren Davis, Will Rannels and Cory Kilvert. You will want these dogs to adorn your walls and keep you cheerful during the coming year.

Printed in limited edition,
LIFE'S Dog Calendar sold out
last year. Order yours NOW.

Price, Prepaid, \$1.00

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

Impressions of America

(If Visiting Foreigners Talked Like Our Own Returned Tourists)

NEW YORK'S a nice town... You can get some pretty snappy post-cards in the little shops on what they call "the East Side." Americans are all crazy, though.

They're all gypers over there. Always trying to rook the tourists. I put in a telephone call at a hotel and they charged me *ten cents*. (That's almost three francs.) They always short-change you, too, because they know you don't know anything about their crazy currency system. I'd always say to them, I'd say: "See here, how much is it in regular money?" That'd always get 'em just crazy. Americans are all crazy anyway, though.

Gee, you'd ought to see some of the raw shows they put on! Say, there was one we saw (*whisper, whisper*) and then the comedian says (*whisper, whisper*) haw, haw, haw! (*whisper, whisper*) not a single stitch! Honestly! Say, they'd murder anybody who tried to stage that sort of stuff here in Paris. ... You can't really say the Americans are immoral, though; they're just unmoral. Crazy, besides.

We got a copy of *Le Petit Journal* in the quaintest news-stand at a place they call "Times Square." Certainly seemed good to read about the good old "home folks" after all the flappedoodle they have in their own papers.

Naw, I didn't bother to go to any of the art galleries and things. I let Colette traipse around to them. Me, I was over there to see *life*—see the way they really *live*, you know. Well, I guess I saw it, all right, all right. Nothing gets by this baby except lightning, and darn little of that, heh, heh! And, anyway, their places ain't so much, in spite of all you hear about 'em. The li'l old Louvre has anything they got stopped a mile. And Broadway, shucks! The li'l old *Avenue de l'Opéra*'s good enough for me!

Sure, I didn't have any trouble pickin' up the language. But you don't have to. They'll understand you, all right, if you say it with money.

You wouldn't be lonesome over there. There's plenty of French over there. Lots of them in business—they run restaurants and things. And say, don't they make the natives look like suckers, though? Oh, boy!

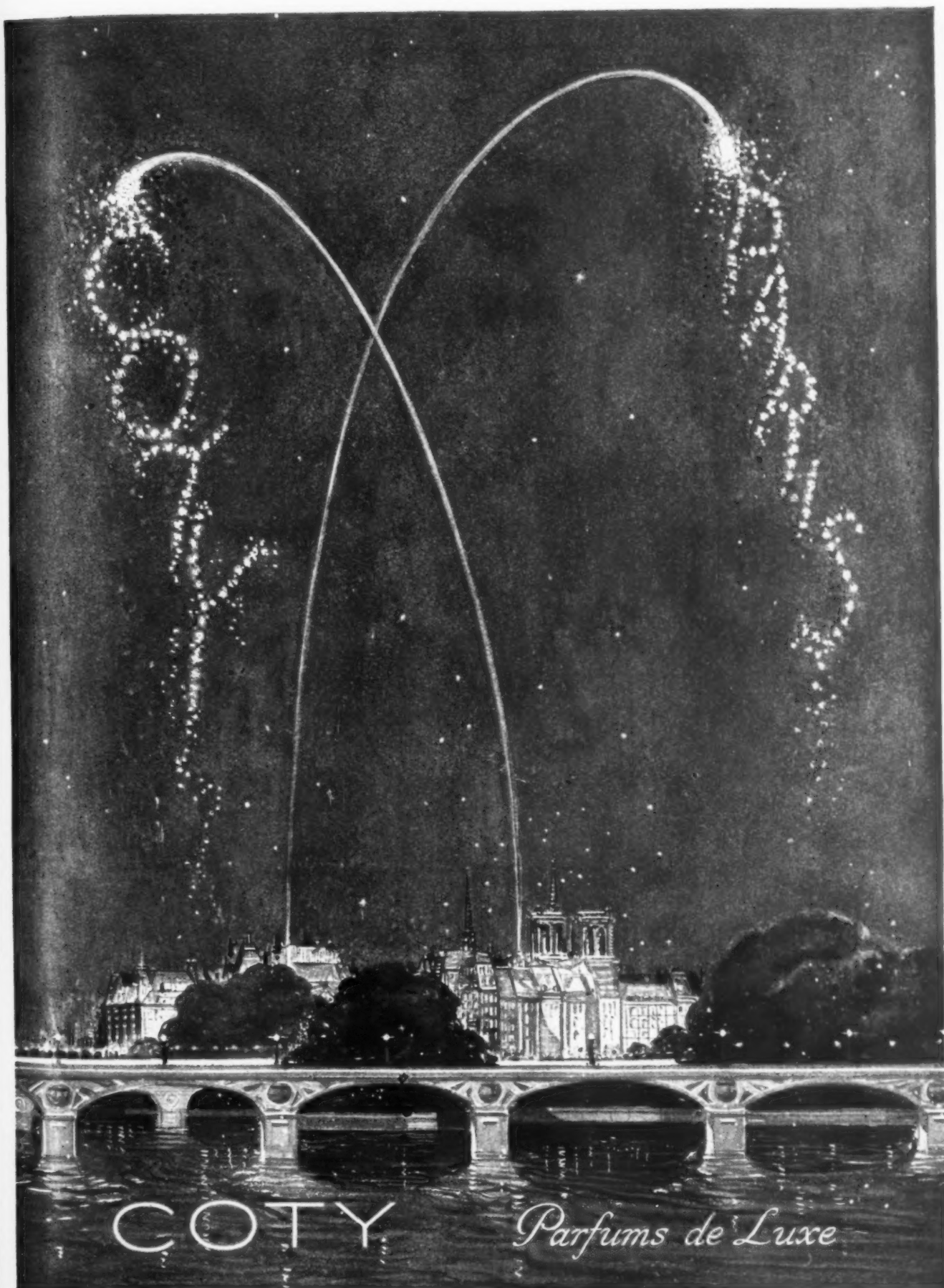
Well, as I said, all Americans are crazy. No, we didn't go anywheres except New York.

Tip Bliss.

A Reminder

SON: Pa, what is a token of remembrance?

FATHER: It's a gift you can't use from some one you want to forget.





His Excellency

T H E T A N G E R I N E

THE TANGERINE is a harbinger of Christmas. You see his gorgeous coat in the gay, colorful baskets of holiday fruit and he makes frequent journeys to the hospital to delight the convalescent. A haughty member of an old Chinese family, the Tangerine has a piquance of flavor all its own. His regal coat slips back easily, revealing the firm, reddish, luscious fruit. Like the other members of the citrus family, The Tangerine thrives best in Florida where the scions of his family are carefully selected and packed for you under the Sealdsweet label.

FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE, TAMPA



Seald Sweet

FLORIDA'S FINEST TANGERINES

A Christmas gift for pipe-smoking bank presidents—and others

What better example of the true Christmas spirit than this letter of Mr. Johnson, a Nebraska bank president:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Virginia.
Gentlemen:

One of my customers presented me, at Christmas time, with a half-pound tin of Edgeworth, out of appreciation for services rendered in probating his father's estate.

In thanking him for the gift I told him that it appealed to me for two reasons—the spirit in which it was given, and the fact that he remembered the kind of smoking tobacco I have used for the past ten years. He made use of an expression which will interest you and which appealed to me.

The expression used was, "Us fellows who smoke Edgeworth never forget one another."

Very truly yours, J. V. Johnson.

Of course, in this case, Edgeworth happened to be the recipient's ten-year favorite tobacco. But in other cases the gift serves as a happy introduction to Edgeworth.



To make it still easier for "us fellows who smoke Edgeworth never to forget one another," the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin are provided at Christmas time with appropriate wrappings. Each size contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and is packed in a decorated

gift carton printed in colors.

Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you:

Send us \$1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped, also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: If you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16L South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We will send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors, holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

The City Editor at Home

"TELL us a story, Daddy!" begged little Helen, climbing to her father's knee. "Tell us the one about little Red Riding Hood!"

"Yes, do!" echoed Harold, who had aspirations to be a newspaper man like his dad.

"All right," consented Daddy. "Here goes!"

The children cuddled close, and Daddy began:

"How a seven-year-old girl foiled a savage wolf which was attempting to impersonate her grandmother, was related here to-day by Red Riding Hood, of 1637 Park Avenue. The little—"

"I don't like that lead, Daddy!" Harold interrupted. "I think you'd hold our attention better if you'd start something like this: 'Gnashing his teeth in a vain effort to—' and so on."

"Harold is right, Daddy," Helen agreed. "Maybe you'd better tell us about Jack and Jill."

"Jack Goose, eight-year-old school-boy, was treated at the emergency hospital to-day for a severe contusion of the forehead, received when he and his sister, Jill—"

"Wait, Daddy!" Harold broke in. "That's rather long, and you know you shouldn't start with a name if you can avoid it. Why not begin it: 'Dashed to the bottom of the cliff at the foot of Eighth Street, two children narrowly escaped serious injury to-day?'"

"Oh, very well," Daddy assented. "Frightened by a huge spider which she discovered sitting next to her in a cafeteria this morning, Mary Muffet, 20 and pretty, became so—"

"Just a minute, Daddy!" Harold begged. "That phrase '20 and pretty' is about as trite as 'high-powered automobile,' and most papers won't stand for it at all. Try again!"

"Charging desertion and extreme cruelty, Peter P. Pumpkineater sought a divorce from Martha Pumpkineater to-day. Mrs. Pumpkineater denied—"

"Now, Daddy, I abhor details of divorce cases!" Helen protested. "By all means, keep sordid details out of your stories."

"If you think your four-room flat is crowded," Daddy began once more, "what would you do with a dozen children in a—"

"Aw, I know that one!" Harold grumbled. "You might make the Sunday supplement with that sensational stuff about living in a shoe, but I don't think there's much news value in it! Come on, Helen, let's listen to the radio." Allan R. Bosworth.

Untarnished

MAUDE: Aren't you ashamed to listen to so much gossip?

CLARA: Oh, no. I just don't believe it!



It's A Strange "Life" that has no Southern California in it!

Yes, you hear it occasionally—something like this:

"Been to Southern California?—sure, go there every year. Be there January 1st *this* year. You *haven't*, eh. *What*—can't get away from business? *Oh*,—one of *THOSE* fellows!"

(Thinking, now) Just the kind of bird that needs to go—take his whole family—get a new deal.

Golf, motoring, riding, sight-seeing, old Missions, palm trees, orange groves, mountains, sea, Springtime air, sunshine, flowers—put new pep into him and his wife and kids. Fresh viewpoint. Out of old rut.

Everybody needs it once in a while. Too much sameness. Change—greatest thing in the world.

Thinks business will bust. Error. Too much ego.

Ought to send coupon below there. See his nearest railroad ticket agent. His doctor, if that doesn't get him.

Living costs?—low. Rates and rents?—very reasonable. No excuse.

Must live a strange life with no Southern California in it.

Take my advice, he'd cut loose and do it. Tried it. Know. Greatest thing in the world for anybody.



Southern California

Year 'Round Vacation Land Supreme

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. N-12, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

I am planning to visit Southern California this winter. Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura

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SEASICK
REMEDY**

The positive relief for SEA,
TRAIN AND CAR Sickness.
Stops the nausea at once. 25
years in use.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores
or direct on receipt of price
The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York

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by Cunard Line, new oil-burners
Jan. 20, N. Y. Around the World Cruise
(Los Angeles, Feb. 5)

128 days, \$1250 to \$3,000.

Jan. 30, Mediterranean Cruise
62 days, \$600 to \$1700.

June 30, 1926, Norway
and Western Mediterranean;
53 days, \$550 to \$1250.

Rates include hotels, drives, guides, fees.
Longest experienced cruise management.

Established 30 years

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

*The dread Pyorrhea
begins with bleeding gums*



Forhan's

**FOR
THE GUMS**

**BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT**

FORMULA OF
Forhan's

NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's

**FOR
THE
GUMS**

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—inflecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

75c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
800 6th Ave., N. Y.

Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

With a Full Hearth

FIRELIGHT! Firelight!

Fill the empty room,
Glimmer on the white walls,
Glance into the gloom.

What a woodland reverie

Is in a swirl of smoke,

Firelight! Firelight!

(I swallow it and choke.)

Firelight! Firelight!

Dance into my dream

Of coal that comes to-morrow morn

To sing the song of steam.

C. B. W. G.

The Fifty-first Wife

A Christmas Tale of the East

IT was Christmas in the harem. Lord knows why—except that somehow this seems a particularly pleasant way of beginning a piece. To her in conference the First Wife called her colleagues and spake.

"Girls," she said, "the time has come for us to slip Loving Daddy a seasonal remembrance. What shall it be?"

"Slip him slippers," suggested the Second Wife, who had a single-track mind and was greatly beloved therefor.

"Slippers!" chorused the rest in lush and opulent voices. "Allah Kerim!" Whereupon, the matter settled, fifty wives resought their diwans in that Oriental belief that effort is the least desirable of all things.

Not so the Fifty-first Wife, who was also the youngest. "I," she thought with the egoism of personable youth, "shall not, like the others, give our Loving Daddy slippers. I shall give him a necktie—then he will remember me!" She was an artful minx.

Thus did it come to pass that there were arrayed before the august eyes of the Sultan fifty pairs of slippers and one necktie. The hundred slippers the Sultan accepted philosophically, readily finding an apposite verse of the Koran with which to express his resignation. Being all by itself, as the Fifty-first Wife had carefully planned, the necktie attracted his attention.

"By the sacred beard of the Prophet!" he exclaimed. "If this were not unmistakably a necktie I should say it was a horse blanket! This is the most horrific insult ever tendered to a cultured and discriminating gentleman!" Which indeed it was. So the Fifty-first Wife was summoned.

"Did you give me this terrible necktie?" the Sultan asked the Fifty-first Wife.

"Aye, my Lord," she replied, with a smile that was more a smirk than a smile.

"Well, Baby," said the Sultan, "I can make allowances for your youth, but

there is an old proverb which says a melon, spoiled early, does not grow better with age." And straightway he had her tied neatly into a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus—a custom to which the Western missionaries are attempting to put a stop.

However, it pleased the fifty remaining wives very much, and even more the Quartermaster-Eunuch, who had always been annoyed to have to make out requisitions for fifty-one this, and fifty-one that, as it was not practical.

And the moral, if there must be one, is that you always pay for being conspicuous and Michael Arlen needn't necessarily lap up all the loose gravy in the universe.

Henry William Hanemann.

WASHINGTON JEWELRY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

XMAS GIFT For Mother, Wife, Sister, Sweetheart

"Gold Medal" WALTHAM

Wrist Watch

A Prize Winner!

Medals received at Milan, Paris, Brussels

FREE TRIAL



INTERNATIONALLY famous for "Gold Medal" award of Beauty and Accuracy. The whole world is congratulating WALTHAM WATCH CO. Horologists pay tribute to its PRECISION timekeeping; Art Critics to its loveliness. Truly a triumph of exquisiteness, rare design, MARVELOUS accuracy. We have sold hundreds to stage and screen stars and prominent women. They are DELIGHTED with it!

CASE IS A GEM OF ARTISTRY—WHITE GOLD FILLED—guaranteed 25 years—superbly carved—a JOY to behold! Smart TONNEAU shape that every woman loves. MOVEMENT contains 7 GENUINE Ruby Jewels and advanced horological improvements! Delivered in beautiful gift box. Regular price \$35. Our price for Christmas Season **ONLY** to gain thousands of new friends. **\$27.75**

Send **NO Money! NOTHING to Pay Postman!** See it! Examine it! Test it for 10 days! If satisfied, after 10 DAYS' TRIAL, you may pay at rate of

\$4 A MONTH

or, if you wish to pay cash after 10 **\$25.80** DAYS, take \$1.95 Discount and send check or money order for

ORDER for Xmas NOW! Avoid delays in mails Send NO Money—only the Coupon TODAY!

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For prompt attention address Dept. 131

Gentlemen: Please send me \$27.75 "Gold Medal" WALTHAM. I enclose NO money, and pay NOTHING to Postman. If I am satisfied, after 10 DAYS' TRIAL, I have the privilege of paying for it at the rate of \$4.00 monthly—or of deducting \$1.95 and sending \$25.80 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise, I shall return it.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Please write **PLAINLY** For this coupon and NOW! If you wish to tell us something about yourself it will be appreciated. Life 12-3-25

From a Club Chair

FICTION always impresses me as being untrue to life because it avoids the improbabilities so carefully.

We are still far from the spiritual. More real sentiment is stirred by the closing of a famous restaurant than by the decay of a celebrated church.

The most tragic event in one's existence? Well, it is either the discovery that there is no Santa Claus, or the realization that it does not pay to draw to an inside straight.

The wisdom of our elders appears to have consisted in having done what we do before we did it.

The franker school of biography is reconciling us to the statues in our parks. The more we read of our heroes, the easier it is for us to believe that they deserved no better sculpture. *James K. McGuinness.*

Heroic Measures

THE Etiquette Authority was all upset. To his jaundiced eye the entire world was wrong. He was troubled with insomnia; food disagreed with him; the wife of his bosom had left him with the warning that she would not return until his disposition improved.

Something radical had to be done, he realized. He sought the advice of an eminent specialist.

"You have gone stale," the e. s. told him. "Change the whole order of your life. Get out of the rut. Go out

FATIMA

The most skillful blend
in cigarette history

ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSH

Every Bristle held
EVERLASTINGLY
in a Grip of
Vulcanized
Hard Rubber

Even the most lux-
uriant beard turns
gray with age. But
the flight of time
does not seem to
impair the vigor-
ous efficiency of
the ALBRIGHT
RUBBERSET
Shaving Brush.

The average life of a
genuine ALBRIGHT
RUBBERSET is fif-
teen years.



25¢ to \$25.00

Sterilized-Guaranteed
MFG. BY RUBBERSET CO. NEWARK, N. J.

and do the sort of thing that your sup-
pressed desires have been urging you
to do these many years."

A light almost of madness glowed in
the eyes of the Etiquette Authority.

"You mean it, doctor?" he asked.

"I certainly do, my boy. Cast aside
everything. To put it crudely, be a
regular devil!"

With a maniacal scream, the Eti-
quette Authority rushed from the spe-
cialist's office. Directly across the
street gleamed the bright lights of a
fashionable restaurant. Impeccably
garbed men and women sat at the tables.
The Etiquette Authority hurled him-
self into a chair and feverishly
jammed the napkin inside his collar.

"Bring me," he bellowed to the
waiter, in a voice that resounded
throughout the entire establishment,
"bring me **TWO** orders of chicken
salad!"

Tip Bliss.

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails
to remove dandruff completely, and that
is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it
entirely. To do this, just apply a little
Liquid Arvon at night before retiring;
use enough to moisten the scalp and rub
it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your
dandruff will be gone, and two or three
more applications will completely dis-
solve and entirely destroy every single
sign and trace of it, no matter how much
dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the
scalp will stop instantly, and your hair
will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft,
and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and
a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This
simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
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Give a subscription to
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Christmas Offer

Enclosed find Five Dollars (Canadian \$5.80 Foreign \$6.60).
Send LIFE for one year to

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LG

The Higher Drama

I SAW a show the other night,
It was a dramaturgic treasure.
I spent an evening of delight—
Of infinite, rhapsodic pleasure.
...The plot?—I can't recall offhand—
But say—the sets were simply grand!

I tell you, I have not enjoyed
So good a time since I turned seven.
My spirits, I must say, were buoyed
Up to the starry-vaulted heaven!
...The author?—I forget it now—
But, boy—those costumes were a wow!

The gowns by Henri were divine,
The rugs by Popoloff were stunning!
The furniture by Smith was fine,
The third-act lingerie was cunning!
...The play contained much fluent
writing?

* * *

You should have heard us cheer the
lighting!

Max Lief.

Why Not?

THE groom looked very winsome
and petite in a wedding suit worn
by his great-grandfather, with shirt,
collar and cuffs to match. His trousers
were caught here and there with
safety-pins, and in his right hand he
carried a peck of potatoes to give the
minister. His hair was very prettily
arranged by Tony, the cut-rate barber
around the corner, and, in the absence
of jewels, glistened charmingly with
vaseline. His whiskers were of light
brown with uncut edges and his bridal
handkerchief, prettily protruding from
a pocket, was of pure white with
robin's-egg blue border, from Wool-
worth's.

Owing to the fact that the grand-
father of the groom was six feet five
and the groom five feet six, the trousers
had a balloon effect quite in
keeping with the times. They were
charmingly held up by two little self-
rising flower boys. Guests at the
largely attended nuptials were unani-
mous in their opinion that seldom, if
ever, had they seen such a charming
picture.

W. S.

Modern Drama

WILLIS: What is this new show
that every one is talking about?

GILLIS: It is an American produc-
tion of an English comedy borrowed
from a French farce taken from a
Viennese operetta adapted from a Rus-
sian version of a German burlesque
based on an Italian revision of a Greek
tragedy.

HANK: Why is it you don't see more
women riding motorcycles?
YANK: I don't look for them.



The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY  RAZOR

AT CHRISTMAS, there is one sure way to give your friend-
ship an outward expression that a man cannot mistake—
give him a New Improved Gillette! It guarantees him a per-
fect shave in comfort every day in the year—and he will
bless your thoughtfulness as his attachment increases for
this faultless shaving instrument.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Above:

The Traveler:

In Gold Plate, \$10.00

In Silver Plate, \$7.50

Genuine leather case

The Bostonian:
In Gold Plate, \$6.
In Silver Plate, \$5.

The Big Fellow:
In Gold Plate, \$6.
In Silver Plate, \$5.

The New Standard:
In Gold Plate, \$6.
In Silver Plate, \$5.
Genuine leather case

The Richwood:
In Gold Plate, \$6.
In Silver Plate, \$5.
Mahogany finish wood case

The Tuckaway:
In Gold Plate, \$6.
In Silver Plate, \$5.



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THE RECEIVING SET ILLUSTRATED IS THE MODEL 20 COMPACT. THIS SET IS PRICED AT EIGHTY DOLLARS.

Are you surprised at fine performance?

WE HEAR from owners of Atwater Kent Radio that this is the most frequent comment of their guests: "I didn't know radio had been made so nearly perfect."

People accustomed to ordinary sets and their limitations do find Atwater Kent performance surprising. They are astonished at its easy smoothness, its softness of tone, its volume (when volume is required), its range, its precision—its all-round excellence.

But there is really no occasion for surprise. The satisfying performance of Atwater Kent Radio is merely the result of expert design, painstaking manufacture.

If you could visit our factory you could not help noticing the careful workmanship we lavish on even the smallest parts. If, after all this care, Atwater Kent Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers were *not* completely satisfactory—that *would* be surprising.

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Sunday evening at 9.15 o'clock (Eastern Standard Time) through stations:—

WEAF . . . New York	WFI . . . Philadelphia	WCAP . . . Washington
WJAR . . . Providence	WOO . . . alternating	WWJ . . . Detroit
WEEL . . . Boston	WCAE . . . Pittsburgh	WSAI . . . Cincinnati
WTAG . . . Worcester	WGR . . . Buffalo	KSD . . . St. Louis
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